The Post

Sunday Special

NO. 611. [REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.] SUNDAY, APRIL 29, 1917. PRICE ONE PENNY.

BRITISH CAPTURES IN GREAT NEW BATTLE

PROGRESS AT ALL POINTS IN SCARPE VALLEY FIGHT.

IMPORTANT GERMAN POSITIONS CARRIED ENEMY'S COUNTER-ATTACKS BREAK DOWN.

AMERICA ADOPTS CONSCRIPTION: 500,000 MEN FOR EUROPE.

British troops attacked on Saturday on a front of several miles in the region of the Scarpe Valley, east of Arras.

We captured Arleuc, and the enemy's positions on a front of over two miles north and south of the village, and have made progress beyond Gavrelle.

In the neighbourhood of Roeux and Oppy, two strongly-defended points, heavy fighting is continuing.

Several hundred prisoners were captured by us during the day. The enemy delivered many violent counter-attacks, which were met by our artillery and machine gun fire. The Press Association special correspondent describes the German losses during the day as tremendous.

The United States House of Representatives has adopted Conscription, and has agreed to raise a force of half a million men for service in Europe if required.

A prohibition amendment providing for the absolute prohibition of liquor from soldiers, both in selling and giving, has been adopted.

THE NEW BATTLE IN SCARPE VALLEY.

Press Bureau, Saturday Night.

The following despatch was received from British General Headquarters, dated 9.30 p.m. Saturday :—

Severe fighting, in which our troops have had the advantage, has taken place throughout the day, from the Scarpe River to the Acheville Vimy Road.

We have captured Arleux-en-Oghelle, and the enemy's positions on a front of over two miles north and south of the village.

Our troops have also made progress north-east of Gavrelle and on the western slopes of Greenland Hill, between Gavrelle and Roeux.

South of the river we have gained ground north of Monchy-le-Preux.

The enemy has again delivered many violent counter-attacks with considerable forces, and has suffered heavily from our artillery and machine gun fire.

In the neighbourhood of Roeux and Oppy heavy fighting is continuing.

Several hundred prisoners have been captured by us during the day.

Three German aeroplanes were brought down yesterday in air fighting, and a fourth was shot down by our anti-aircraft guns. One hostile observation balloon was also destroyed. Three of our aeroplanes are missing.

ENEMY'S TREMENDOUS LOSSES.

(BY PRESS ASSOCIATION SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

War Correspondents' Headquarters, France, Saturday Night.

Two great pitched battles in one week, with daily attacks and counter-attacks in between, is not a bad commentary upon the German boast that they have baffled all our plans for a spring offensive by the withering tactics.

I learn that the Vimy defeat produced much dismay among the German High Command, and so much apprehension as to the effect it might exercise upon public opinion in the Fatherland, that Hindenburg is now throwing all available reserves in order to make a stand, regardless of sacrifice, so as to try and restore the shaken confidence in the might of the German Army.

An Important Stage in the War.

I give it for what it may be worth, although it comes to me in a more authoritative form than mere trench gossip, that six fresh divisions have been identified on the front of our offensive during the fortnight, and that at least nine have been withdrawn as shattered beyond further war worthiness.

In fact, we are now at a phase of intensive exhaustion in which our enormous preponderance in heavy artillery and the reckless expenditure of the German infantry in continuous counter-attacks in turning the balance in our favour.

No doubt the German communiques will go on making what capital they can out of the fact that we have not broken through, although no one knows better than the German High Command how misleading the phrase really is.

What we are doing is to press back the Hun legions upon a front which has thus far reached to a length of fifty miles, wearing them down as they go until a stage must inevitably be reached when the powers of resistance are broken.

To-Day's Attack on the Oppy Line.

The complete defeat of the German Army can only be accomplished by this process of destruction, and the tactics of massed resistance are all hastening our approach to the only end which can glorify the great sacrifice.

Throughout a glorious blue and golden day the first real touch of spring we have had in this sorely-strafed corner of France has the battle raged.

The attack was launched just as the greenish grey of dawn was lining the great ridge of Notre Dame de Lorette into a clear cut outline.

Troops of first and third armies were engaged, and the front of attack extended from the Scarpe Valley inwards. The main goal for which our troops went was the Oppy Switch line, a hastily-constructed trench system by which the Germans have extended their Hindenburg line northwards from the spot where we turned it below Arras.

Between Gavrelle and Roeux lay a formidable series of small traverses and redoubts, together with a number of machine gun strongposts, between our positions and the German trenches, and here the fighting has been particularly fierce, swaying backwards and forwards, so that even late this afternoon I am really unable definitely to tell you just what the situation is.

Disaster Dangerously Near For Germans.

Reports and contradictions naturally conflict whilst a battle is in progress. Our troops are fighting with splendid determination, and the Germans are counter-attacking with a desperation which compels admiration. Apparently they realise as never before that disaster is dangerously near, that they have no completed strong defences upon which to fall back, and that they must count upon the resistance of their masses to accomplish what their labrynth-like trench system and cavernous dug-outs had enabled them to do in their old front line.

Men have fought as fiercely in history, but never before in such numbers nor with such terrible weapons. The struggles of the past week have been the most homeric of the entire war, and the fact that we were able to give battle afresh this morning shows how indomitable is the spirit of our troops.

German Casualties Tremendous.

Progress must needs be slow in the teeth of such stubborn opposition, but it is progress, nevertheless, and a study of the map will show that since Monday last our gains are substantial and important.

From what I can gather from staff officers who can spare a moment for disconnected comments when telephone is not actually glued to their ears, we have maintained our gains in most places that hand-to-hand fighting has been very hot indeed, and is still surging backwards and forwards, and that German casualties are tremendous.

Once again must a tribute be paid to the excellence of staff organisation, which is maintaining the flow of reinforcements, reliefs, ammunition, and food and drink, and the backward flow of wounded without ever a hint of congestion amid all the seeming turmoil.

The Terrible Days Have Commenced.

These are the terrible days we have been nearly three years preparing for and were bound to face and go through with if Germany is to be defeated in the field.

There is grim satisfaction in the knowledge that we are forcing a devastating battle upon an enemy that was trying to cut his losses by retreating and thus calculating upon neutralising all our plans for a great decisive offensive.

All fighting since 9th of April has been of our own forcing. Hindenburg now has no choice. He cannot withdraw his shaken masses faster than we can press them.

We have now called the tune and the Huns must dance to it until they can shake foot no longer.

Our glorious new army is doubly valiant in this triumphant feeling. It is giving its answer to all talk about an inconclusive peace.

OFFICIAL GERMAN CLAIMS.

The German evening official states:—

On the Battlefield of Arras, the British to-day, for the third time, failed completely in their attempt to break through the German lines.

The attacks, which commenced at daybreak with strong masses on a thirty-kilometre front on both banks of the Scarpe, have all failed under our fire, and in the counter-attack the enemy has again suffered a heavy defeat.

His losses are very great.

CHAMPAGNE BATTLE

UNDERGOES NEW DEVELOPMENT.

MASSES OF INFANTRY HURLED AT FRENCH LINE.

Press Camp, French Headquarters (Received Saturday Night).

On the Aisne and in the Champagne offensive the German counter-attacks, made with fury and with disregard for the human life and material sacrificed, are without precedent in this war.

Since the battle began reinforcements equal to almost the whole of the original defending force have been poured into the German positions. Twelve divisions have been added to the thirteen with which the Germans held their front on April 16.

No stronger evidence could be produced of the anxiety with which the enemy command awaits the issue of the battle.

Marshal Von Hindenburg is throwing all his available reserves on the Champagne and Artois battlefields. For the Germans it is no longer a question of defending what they hold. They are accepting appalling sacrifices in order to win back what they have lost.

Masses of Infantry Hurled at French Line.

It must not be imagined that either army in Champagne has been resting from its labours these past few days. On both sides the bombardment rages every day and all day with a fury only less than that which marks the days of grand attack.

Tornadoes of fire precede the German attacks on our positions, which they have been ordered to regain at any price.

Masses of infantry are hurled at the French line as soon as the position is judged ripe for assault. None of these attempts have met with any success.

The French have maintained intact the footing on the Chemin des Dames and at Hurtebise, and their possession of the Bois des Boches and the Moronvillier heights, although the enemy has flung into the struggle this week numbers which have caused the question to be seriously asked in France whether the Germans had not intended to forestal our offensive in Champagne by one of their own.

Continuous Front from Lens to Auberive.

For the rest it must be remembered that the battles in Champagne and Artois form two wings of a single strategical operation. The front is really continuously active from Lens to Auberive.

For the moment we are engaged in wearing down the huge number which the enemy has thought necessary to throw in against us.

MORE PROGRESS IN CHAMPAGNE.

Paris, Saturday Night.

The official report issued last night states:—

The intermittent artillery fighting on the greater part of the front was violent at times in the region of the Aisne and in Champagne.

On the Chemin des Dames we made progress in the region of Ostel, and took some prisoners.

Everywhere else the day was quiet, without infantry action.

Yesterday two German aeroplanes were brought down in air fighting, and six others were forced to descend damaged. It is confirmed that four German machines reported as crippled were really brought down by our pilots, one of them on the day of April 24, and three others on April 26.

FROM MUNITIONS TO KHAKI.

London, Saturday.

The new scheme approved by the War Cabinet for regulating the release of munition workers for the army will begin to take effect on Monday, 7th May. After that date no man fit for general service will be protected against recruiting unless his work is essential to the output of ships and munitions.

The urgent need for maintaining the forces in the field at full strength, as recently announced by Sir William Robertson, and the equally urgent need for using with the utmost efficiency and economy the man-power available for the production of munitions, have made this policy inevitable.

NORWAY AND OFFER OF "SAFE CONDUCT."

Christiania, Saturday.

Regarding the reported German offer of a safe passage for neutral ships from British harbours, the Director of the Shipowners' Association says it has practically no meaning for Norway, as in any case the time allowed for decision is ridiculously insufficient.

U.S. ADOPT CONSCRIPTION.

HALF MILLION MEN FOR EUROPE.

BILL PASSED BY BIG MAJORITY.

Washington, Saturday.

The House of Representatives has passed the Bill authorising conscription by 279 to 96, after defeating the amendment authorising a trial of the voluntary system first.

The Bill authorises the raising of an army of half a million men for service in Europe when needed.

Miss Jeanette Rankine, the first woman member of Congress, opposed the Bill.

The House cheered wildly when the vote was announced.

The vote was taken as a committee of the whole House.

The record of votes will come later in the day, when it is predicted many of the 98 opponents on the first division will vote with the majority.

NO LIQUOR FOR SOLDIERS.

Drastic American Resolution.

Washington, Saturday.

The Senate has adopted a prohibition amendment to the Conscription Bill by 57 to 30 after a spirited debate.

The amendment provides for the absolute prohibition of liquor from soldiers both in selling and giving, inflicting penalties for violation. Those Senators in the minority opposed on the ground of reducing men to personal servility

Senator Underwood, of Alabama, introduced another amendment to include members of Congress, creating an uproar thereby.

The Secretary of Labour, Mr William B. Wilson, has submitted to Congress an estimate totalling 2,314,246 dollars for war expenses. One of the items—one million dollars—is for guarding and maintaining interned enemy aliens.

RATIONING HOLLAND AND SCANDINAVIA.

Washington, Saturday.

Intricate questions of trade were informally discussed by the British Commission to-day at the British Embassy.

Among the most pressing problems involved are those of continuing to ration Holland and Scandinavia in such a way as to prevent imports to those countries from going to Germany, and checking German propaganda through the trade control of South America.

It is announced on behalf of the French Commission that Marshal Joffre is preparing a statement, which is to be issued to-morrow in the American Press, indicating how the United States can best co-operate in a military way with the armies of the Entente.—Reuter.

BRITAIN SAVED AMERICA.

Ex-President Roosevelt's Striking Tribute.

Chicago, Saturday.

Ex-President Roosevelt, addressing a huge meeting under the auspices of the National Security League here to-day, said:—"We owe our safety at this moment to the British Fleet and to the French and British Armies. I for one am not content to rest under that kind of obligation, and I do not believe that my fellow-countrymen are content to rest under it.

"We should owe our safety to our own strength and our own courage and to the respect we inspire in the foe. We shall inspire no respect if we merely try to parry that foe's blows."

Mr Roosevelt argued that the only way to return the blows of the foe was to send an expeditionary force to France immediately. He declared that it would be a scandal if the war were to end with the United States part in it limited to the furnishing of dollars from behind the shield of other men's bodies.

AUSTRIA'S DESIRE FOR PEACE.

MOVEMENT GAINING SUPPORT.

Rome, Saturday.

An Italian semi-official communique says:—

Under the terrible pressure of necessity the desire for peace has become frantic throughout the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy.

The Vilag records that at Budapest a more powerful peace wind is blowing than ever. In the theatres and cafes everywhere peace is spoken of. News and false rumours concerning peace are spreading with lightning rapidity.

The Reichspost, the organ of the Viennese Clerical Socialists, even publishes an appeal to the Austrian Socialists to make all possible efforts in order to convert the Russian Socialists to the idea of a separate peace. In this respect an interesting news item from the Journal de Geneve says that peace is a matter of discord between Austria and Germany. Austria would like to conclude peace at once, whilst Germany wishes to wait in the hope that Russia will abandon the Entente.

A communique of the Austrian General Headquarters, published by the Band with the view to giving some idea of the violence of the destructive fire which the Italian artillery is continually directing on the defensive works under construction, or which are being strengthened, says that at one Austrian point of support alone two thousand shells and bombs of a heavy calibre have been fired up to the present.

The Kreuz Zeitung says that at meetings of metal workers on strike in Berlin leaflets have been distributed in which the masses are incited to revolt. One of these leaflets points out that the promises of Michaelis, the Food Commissioner, and of the Burgomaster are a trap, and that in two or three weeks the supplementary rations will be abolished. It also adds that the present ruin of the German people was desired by the Government, who let loose this homicidal war in the interests of capitalists and agrarians in order to appropriate countries and to subjugate foreign peoples. The truth as to the origin of the war is thus also beginning to penetrate into Germany.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

A despatch from Munich states that Count Hertling, the Bavarian Premier, is about to visit Vienna to confer with Austrian Ministers regarding peace proposals.

High political importance is attached to the visit.

GERMANS AND U-BOAT LOSSES.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

In his speech during the debate on naval estimates in the main committee of the Reichstag, Admiral von Capelle, Secretary of State for the Navy, gave information about U-boats under construction and ready to be commissioned. His statement, which, according to the Tageblatt report, was received with satisfaction, disclosed a considerable increase of this important and effective weapon. He referred to numerous daily reports and monthly compilations of the German Admiralty Staff regarding the booty of February and March, and the announcement of the German Admiralty that in the first two months of the sea blockade only six U-boats had been lost, a number which, in same period, had been several times surpassed by new constructions.

FRENCH VESSEL'S BOUT WITH U BOATS.

Paris (Received Saturday).

Statistics are published here dealing with the results of the enemy's submarine campaign in February and March.

The number of engagements between French and enemy patrol boats were nineteen in February and fourteen in March, while those between French and enemy seaplanes were six and four respectively.

The occasions on which French cargo boats were fired on by enemy submarines but escaped numbered thirteen in February and six in March, while the numbers of French cargo boats sunk in such encounters were one in February and one in March.

MONA'S QUEEN SINKS A U BOAT.

Dramatic Affair in the Channel.

Paris (Received Saturday).

How the Mona's Queen, a steamer well known in the Isle of Man, sank a German submarine on February 5, is related in the Illustration.

The vessel left that day with several hundred British soldiers on board, including the son of Mr Lloyd George, and a crew of seventy-five. She was escorted by a British destroyer. Five miles from a French port the submarine launched a torpedo, which, however, missed its mark.

The captain of the Mona's Queen immediately rang down to the engine-room to order full steam ahead. A moment later there was a tremendous row. The steamer's paddle wheels, weighing one ton each, and making eighty revolutions to the minute, were over-riding the submarine. The latter took a quick list to port, and, going down by the head, suddenly disappeared. As the soldiers aboard the Mona's Queen saw the U boat sinking they raised a hearty British cheer.

ROUMANIAN JOY AT ALLIES' SUCCESSES.

Jassy (Received Saturday).

News of the British and French successes has been received here with great enthusiasm. These events are being followed very attentively by the public and the Press. The newspapers devote long and eulogistic articles to the subject. The reorganisation of the Roumanian Army continues very actively.

THE SALONIKA FRONT.

SUCCESS OF BRITISH COUNTER-ATTACK.

WEATHER BREAK-DOWN IN BALKANS.

BRITISH OFFICIAL.

Saloniks, April 27.

On the Doiran-Vardar front a strong attack was delivered by the enemy during the night of April 26-27 on our positions on Hill 360, situated at the extreme right of the positions gained by us in our attack on the night of April 24.

This attack succeeded in penetrating our trenches, but a counter-attack was immediately organised, and the enemy was driven out, leaving behind a large number of dead.

On the Struma front the enemy artillery has been active against those villages which are near our front line.

The French communique dealing with the Salonika front says:—The weather becomes increasingly worse, and the snow on the mountains is from two to three inches deep.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

The following communique was issued at Sofia:—

On the Macedonian front, between the Vardar and Lake Doiran, there was intermittent violent enemy artillery fire. The ground in front of our positions is still covered with enemy corpses and guns that have been abandoned and other war material.

BRISK ACTION IN THE CAUCASUS.

Petrograd, Saturday.

The following Russian communique was issued this afternoon:—

Western and Roumanian Front.

The usual rifle firing and scouting reconnaissances have taken place.

Caucasian Front.

In the direction of Erzindgan to the south-east thereof the Turks manifested intense activity.

On the Kelerkami and Azir Baba-Mazrajaoi-Belumer front they succeeded in breaking down one of our barriers and in capturing a height in the region of Belumer (south-east of Bama).

Supported by Kurds, the Turks attacked our positions and took possession of a portion of the heights occupied by our advanced posts.

By a counter-attack the position was restored.—Admiralty, per Wireless Press.

GOOD NEWS FROM PETROGRAD.

Value of United States Co-Operation.

London, Saturday Night.

The latest news from Russia is of good omen. After the turmoil and excitement of the Revolution, the machinery for carrying on the war was for a time undoubtedly out of gear. It has now, however, been restored, and, according to a long private telegram received in London, the engines are now working at full pressure, with more competent drivers and with unlimited manpower to drive them.

There is good reason for stating that when the American Commission arrives in Petrograd—one of the principal members is already there—and when the resources of the United States and Russia are combined and fully organised the end of the war will be within sight. That is one reason why the Germans are now putting forth their maximum effort of the U-boat campaign. Berlin knows that the co-operation of Russia and the United States may prove the decisive factor.

MEDICAL MEN AND THE ARMY.

NEW TERMS OF CONTRACT.

Press Bureau, Saturday Night.

The Secretary of the War Office makes the following announcement:—

It has been decided that in future the contracts of medical men appointed to temporary commissions in the R.A.M.C. and also renewals of contracts of officers of military age shall be until the termination of the present emergency or until their services are no longer required, whichever shall happen first.

It has been decided that medical men who are at the time of their physical examination considered to be unfit for general service or garrison duty abroad, but fit for service at home, may be granted temporary commissions in the R.A.M.C. They will be engaged on the usual contract for general service, but will be posted to and retained at home stations for so long as they are unfit for service abroad. The engagement will be until the termination of the emergency or until their services are no longer required, whichever shall first happen, and they will receive the same rates of pay and gratuity as officers now serving under contract.

WAR OFFICE APPOINTMENT

The Secretary of the War Office forwards the following for publication:—

Mr J. A. Cooper, agent for Sir Josslyn Gore Booth, Bart., Lissadell, Sligo, Ireland, has recently been lent by him to the War Office, and has been appointed by the Office to take charge of the new raw materials finance branch, which deals with the finance of such matters as home and Colonial wool, hides, flax, jute, hemp, home timber, imported timber,

GERMAN BODY FACTORY.

BERLIN DENIAL CONTRADICTED.

REVELATIONS BY MEN WHO WORKED AT IT.

(Exclusive to "Post Sunday Special.")

London, Saturday Night.

I have just had an interview with a Londoner lately returned from Germany, who is able to corroborate the stories recently published about the corpse factories of the Huns.

A native of Walworth, he was arrested in Belgium after the outbreak of war, and was subsequently exchanged and brought to England with a batch of fellow-Englishmen.

His narrative is as follows:—"It is idle for the Huns to deny the thing," he said. "I am positive it is true, and would have disclosed the secret long ago if I had thought I would have got anyone to believe me. I was told all about the corpse factory in a German prison by two Belgians who had worked in it. These men I met in the exercise yard, and, being struck by the pallor of their faces, I asked them what they were in prison for.

"'You would not believe it if we told you,' said one of them.

At the Crematorium.

"He then informed me that, like many more Belgians, they had been seized by the Germans and informed that they must either work or go to prison. Under pressure they were made to agree to work, and were sent to what they were given to understand was a crematorium. Their description of what went on there tallies in every way with the accounts I have just been reading in the papers.

They described to me how the bodies came tied up in bundles, and how their suspicions were aroused by the barrels of fat and ashes which went away from the factory.

"I expressed my surprise at the Germans employing Belgians on this work, and at first refused to credit the story. The reason they gave me was that they were glass blowers by trade, and that the Germans were at a loss to get men of Hun nationality experienced enough to attend to work at the required temperature.

"I next questioned them as to how they came to be in prison. They stated that, overhearing from some of the Germans employed at the factory, that the remains were used as food for hogs, they revolted against the work, and refused to go on with it. The German authorities used all manner of threats to persuade them to continue, and, finding these of no avail, sent them to prison for two years."

THE 1000th DAY OF THE WAR.

This is the 1000th day of the war.

At one time Germany showed a tendency to celebrate special dates and occasions like these by flag waving, holiday-making, and the ringing of bells, but we know that they are scarcely likely to mark with any joyfulness this particular occasion.

Indeed, there are indications that the Huns are beginning to realise that the war has gone on about 1000 days too long.

As for the Allies, they have the satisfaction of knowing that on this, the 1000th day of the war, the final crushing of Prussian domination is in sight.

It is interesting to recall the length of other wars, however minor, compared with the present.

Since the Napoleonic period, when Great Britain and France were at war for twenty-two years, the following shows the duration of the principal wars in modern times:—

France and Algeria,	17 years.
U.S. and Mexico,	2 years.
First Afghan War,	6 years.
Crimean War,	2½ years.
Austro-French,	10 weeks.
Denmark and Prussia,	7 months.
Austro-Prussian,	6 weeks.
American Civil War,	4 years.
Franco-Prussian,	10 months.
Russo-Turkish,	2 years.
Egyptian War,	2 months.
Soudan War,	16 years.
Spanish-American War,	6 months.
South African War,	2½ years.
Russo-Japanese,	1½ years.

GERMAN TRADE UNIONS AND STRIKES.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

According to a telegram from Berlin, the Vorwaerts published prominently statements by the General Committee of Trade Unions declaring the German working classes will not cease work on 1st May, and deploring the fact that fly sheets are being circulated inciting the workers to a political or revolutionary strike on 1st May.

These fly sheets, according to the statement, do not emanate from the Social Democratic party, but from people who have nothing in common with the labour movement.

The statement adds:—"Strikes for purposes of a political demonstration are at present irresponsible, and must be most strongly condemned."

IRISH RAILWAYMEN.

Bonus of 5s Granted.

Dublin, Saturday.

The Irish railway workers' claim to an increase in wages which would level their pay with that of the English railway workers was settled to-day at a sitting of the Irish Railway Executive.

The settlement was on a basis of an all-round increase of 5s per week as war bonus, to date from 9th inst.

HUN WHO DIDN'T MEAN TO STARVE.

WELL-LADEN PRISONER WHO GOT AWAY WITH THE GOODS.

THE GERMAN "RED DEVIL."

London, Saturday Night.

Some excellent stories of the battle front in the West are told by wounded lads who have just arrived in this country. A very funny incident is related thus by a wounded Canadian:—

"Just as we reached the German trench a great, big Heine came rushing out shouting 'Kamerad' for all he was worth. He had a shrapnel helmet on all one-sided, a big bottle of pickles under one arm, and a big loaf under the other. He said he'd heard that the English were starving, and that he meant to be all right. What's more, he got away with the goods, I believe."

It would appear that in various parts of the line the condition of the Germans differed a good deal. This Canadian, for instance, said that he found plenty of food in German dugouts (and many empty bottles); men from other parts of the front say that our shelling had stopped the German supplies, and that the Boches had not seen food for as long as three days.

In the bulk, the Germans are not fighting with very good spirit, but the same soldier records one incident to the contrary worth mentioning.

The Quick-Moving Guns.

"Our guns keep pressing forward with each jump we make, and give the Germans very little chance to make a new strong line," said a sergeant of a home county regiment. "The Boches are fond of using what we call 'concertina wire.' It catches round your legs, and then strings out and holds you up. But our bombardments knock it into chips.

"When our gunners get real busy now it only takes about ten minutes to knock a position flat. When our guns go off on this job it just sounds like one huge bang, and the whole caboodle goes up into flame. The Boche fire a lot of 'duds' now, and there doesn't seem to be so much stuff in their shells.

"They fired a lot of armour-piercing stuff at us. Of course, it's useless. You can't grudge Fritz a score for once, but he has some way to make before he gets up to our record; we were scoring all the time."

Some of the comments of the wounded on the equipment of the Germans are instructive, but the reports vary according to the part of the front on which the men have been fighting. At the same time, the stories always tally where the men have been on the same sector. It is possible, therefore, to arrive at the truth regarding each separate phase in the fighting.

An Australian says—"One thing we have got better than the Fritzes, and that's our shrapnel helmets. They are lighter and better. The Germans haven't nearly as many as they used to have, and almost all those we captured had cap-comforters on."

The German "Red Devil."

"I don't agree that Fritz's clothes and boots are bad," said an observant Scot. "The men I saw had well-fitting clothes and boots in good trim, but thin, with much less material than they used to have.

"Before the move we used to see a lot of a new 'plane that the Boche has. We called it the "Red Devil" because it was such a brilliant red colour. It was fast and very small. Their pilots were daring and used to come very low. One time one came so low over some heavies that the officer fired his revolver at it. But our airmen have driven them off, and we haven't seen one of the red 'planes for days."

The Germans take great care to shed their equipment before surrendering, it appears, and that may be why the Australian saw so many cap comforters on the prisoners. A young officer says that recently he saw a young party of German bombers disappear into a dugout. Some minutes afterwards they reappeared without arms or shrapnel helmets and surrendered.

LATEST WIRES.

Four persons were killed and fifteen injured in the destroyer raid on Dunkirk.

The Belgian communique states that there was an artillery action in the region of Dixmude.

Sir Ernest Shackleton has arrived at New York on his way to England, where he intends to enlist for military service in France.

Following the announcement of the closing of the German frontier, no German newspapers have arrived in Switzerland since Wednesday.

Stagnation prevailed on Nottingham Corn Exchange yesterday, an almost entire disinclination being shown to do business at Government prices.

The Italian official report last night says:—In the course of yesterday there was persistent artillery and aerial activity on the Trentino and Carnia fronts.

Dr Lauro Muller, Brazilian Minister for Foreign Affairs, has issued instructions for the dismissal of all Germans occupying Brazilian Consular positions abroad.

Notwithstanding all appeals by the authorities, the Socialist minorities of both the Reichstag and the Prussian Lantag have passed a resolution declaring that work must be stopped on May 1.

The Roumanian communique states that in the Trotus Valley our reconnaissances advanced as far as the enemy's barbed wire, and flung grenades into his trenches, causing him severe losses.

Messrs Armstrong, Whitworth, & Company state that owing to the extent and complexity of their operations the completion of the accounts for the past year has been delayed. The Directors propose to declare a dividend on the ordinary shares at an early date. Preference share dividend warrants will be posted on 13th instant.

FRIENDLESS IN LONDON.

TOUCHING SCENE IN COURT.

MAGISTRATE AND SOLDIER'S WIDOW.

London, Saturday.

"Killed in France this week," was the fateful message read in the Westminster Court to-day respecting the soldier husband of a young wife accused of stealing a few shillings from another young woman, also the wife of a soldier on service.

Defendant and prosecutrix met outside Vauxhall Gasworks, where defendant was looking for work. She visited prosecutrix and the money was afterwards missed. Defendant was found at the address which she had given prosecutrix, and she denied the charge.

Detective Sergeant Frank Smith said the young woman was in the deepest distress as she had just received the news that her husband died of wounds received last Sunday. Accused, said witness, was a very industrious woman, whose health had been greatly impaired by continuously working seven nights a week as a cab-washer. Latterly she had been unable to go on with such strenuous employment.

Defendant—I weighed 11 st. 7 lbs. when I started, and now I only weigh 7 st. The work has been very hard.

Handing up two group photos of her husband and herself and baby, the picture showed the infant on the knee of a fine looking, smiling young fellow. She pathetically exclaimed, "See how happy we were then, and now—my God, he is killed."

Very sympathetically, obviously affected, and impressed, Mr Horace Smith asked her where her baby now was. He added that she looked so different in the picture that he could hardly recognise her.

"My husband was eighteen when he married, and he joined up in September a month after the war commenced. When he was nineteen we both worked at a mill, and I followed him when he was in the army until he was sent abroad."

"And what are you going to do next?" asked the Magistrate. "You seem in rather a bad way, and have no friends in London."

Defendant—"I want to get some work, your Honour, or I won't be able to live."

Mr Horace Smith—"Try and pull yourself together, and we will help you. I think the sum which the prosecutrix lost was restored to her through the Court."

Befriended by Barnett, the Court missionary, the defendant subsequently left with her little girl, evidently much relieved.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S MESSAGE.

Glorious Dash and Bravery of Our Troops.

War Correspondents' Headquarters, France (Received Saturday Night).

The following telegrams have been embodied in a special order of the day by direction of Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig Commander-in-Chief of the British Armies in France:—

From Her Majesty Queen Alexandra to Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig:—

I congratulate you and your magnificent troops with all my heart on your splendid success. Everything was so fine. The wonderful advance so perfectly carried out with such glorious dash and bravery, and ending with such grand results. It is indeed something to be proud of.

To Her Majesty Queen Alexandra from Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig:—

Your Majesty's gracious and inspiring message of congratulation is a great source of encouragement and gratification to us all. On behalf of all ranks and of myself I would respectfully beg to offer our deepest thanks to Your Majesty for thinking of us.

GIRL WITNESS AT TRIAL OF CASEMENT

Boycotted by the Sinn Feiners.

London, Saturday Night.

Mary O'Gorman, the Irish girl who gave evidence in the Casement trial, was charged at Hampstead, with a New Zealand soldier, with committing an offence on Hampstead Heath. She gave her age as nineteen, and said she was a munition worker, living in York Road, Lambeth.

The Clerk—What did you come to England for?—I was a witness in the Casement case, and when I went back to Ireland I could not get on with the Sinn Feiners. I was boycotted.

The soldier blamed the girl, but she angrily repudiated this.

They were each fined 20s.

The soldier had no money, but the girl paid her fine, and said, "I would have paid the soldier's fine if he had not rounded on me in the dock."

DEPTFORD PICTURE HOUSE FIRE PANIC.

Four Children Killed.

London, Saturday.

A panic occurred at the Electric Picture Palace, High Street, Deptford, this afternoon, involving the deaths of four children and injuries to ten others.

As a special children's programme was nearing its close several youngsters made a rush for the exits, and someone raised the cry of "fire."

There was a panic. A wild stampede followed. Children in the building rushed screaming to the doors, and people in the streets crowded round the exits. Every effort was made by the management to restore order.

In the struggle four of the children were crushed. Two were found to have been suffocated, and two died soon after admission to hospital.

GERMANY'S LATEST "KULTUR."

THE SCIENTIFIC GHOUL.

By the Rev. HARCOURT M. DAVIDSON, V.D., Chaplain to H.M. Forces.

Certain remonstrances have appeared in German newspapers in an attempt to discredit the definite report as to the existence of a factory for the utilisation of the dead bodies of German soldiers. The plea is that the word "Kadaver" used in the disclosure applies solely to an animal carcase and not to a human corpse, but anyone acquainted with the German language knows that "Kadaver" in its scientific and medical sense has only one meaning, viz., the dead body of a human being. Apart from any more word quibbling, however, indisputable evidence has been forthcoming to corroborate the existence of such factories. The German Minister in Pekin made a point of this scientific triumph of German "Kultur" during an interview with the Chinese Premier last month.

WHEN Africa was an unknown and unexplored continent a word became current in classic times—"Out of Africa always something new." These days have passed, and when we wish to hear of something new, savage, and unexpected, we have naturally, within the last two or three years, turned, not to Africa, but to Germany.

And in view of the events of these past years we have no business to be surprised when we learn of this latest horror, which seems to have curdled the blood of the peoples in all the ends of the earth who have heard it.

I speak, of course, of the "Corpse Conversion Factory," which figures officially as the most recent of the scientific and logical developments of the war, according to German methods. Listen to a brief outline of the facts as stated in the Berlin Lokalanzeiger, from the pen of its special correspondent, Karl Rosner, whose cheerful and honest discussions concerning the living victims of Germany elsewhere entitle him to respectful hearing as a trustworthy witness in this later matter.

The place is described as being in the heart of a lonely forest near the Belgian frontier, south-west of Coblentz. "We pass through Evergnicourt. There is a dull smell in the air as if lime were being burnt. We are passing the great corpse exploitation establishment of this army group. The fat that is won here is turned into lubricating oils, and everything else is ground down—the bones mill into a powder which is used for mixing with pigs' food, and as manure. Nothing is allowed to go to waste." Further explications and details have been published for the benefit of those who possess strong stomachs, and are not liable to lose their sleep of nights. But I forbear.

No Matter for Astonishment.

Now, what are we to make of this? Truly, it contains no matter for astonishment when the German record up to date is recalled. Why shall we expect reverence or decency toward the dead from those who have shown no vestigial trace of honour, grace, or compassion toward the innocent living? The enormity of their previous crimes arises before us like an exhalation.

Let an assortment of them be briefly outlined. We have short, or at least overcrowded, memories, yet the assassination of Belgium by the nation which, equally with Britain had promised to defend its independence will surely remembered. There are the pillagings, the defilements, the sacrileges, the rapes, the wholesale enslavements persisting in Belgium and unashamed up till this hour in Belgium, France, Poland, Roumania, and every spot where the hoof of the Hun has trod.

There are the crimes of the Lusitania, of hospital ships, of the innumerable vessels sunk and their crews done to death by unpunished and boastful piracy. There are the suspicious and sickening murders of Captain Fryatt and Nurse Cavell, the dark and undistained soul of whose murderer, Von Lüttwitz, went the other day to its own place where these, and a hundred brutalities, leap to mind, and shall we then wonder that respect for the dead finds no place in the mentality of a people who have done these things to the living, and have rejoiced in them all?

The Sanctity of the Body.

For, after all, wherein is to be discovered the foundation of that regard for the poor human body after the spark of its mortal life is extinguished? Let it be remarked at once that this feeling is not distinctively or exclusively Christian, much as the Christian faith has, of course, done to strengthen and consecrate it. The sanctity of the body is a mean portion of Christian doctrine. It does not bind itself up with the doctrine of a purely materialistic resurrection, but builds on the simple ground that man is a being compounded of dust and glory, and that his very dust is therefore sacred because the jewel of which it is the temporary casket. We are quite prepared to understand nowadays that such considerations have no weight in Germany.

See then how the institution of the Corpse Utility Factory stands when placed at the bar of quite another court. I mean the court of natural and universal human feeling, and observe how it fares. Few matters are more wonderful and touching to study and consider than the universal care which man has bestowed upon the remains of the departed. In all ages and of all races this has been absolutely true—up till now. Within recent years, for example, there have been unearthed after their long sleep certain of the river caves of France the bones of long-buried men; some have estimated 60,000 years old and more; yet these bones were laid in reverent order, with the utensils and weapons of life beside them—in no wise cast out as common or unclean.

Rev. Harcourt M. Davidson.

The Bushman, the Kaffir, the Forest Pigmy, the Australian black fellow have their solemn burial customs and their jealously-guarded places of sepulchre. I say nothing of the ancient Egyptians and Aboriginal civilisations of Central and South America, with their elaborate processes of embalming and of tomb and pyramid building.

And who does not remember the story told by the Greek tragedian of the noble and pious maiden Antigone, centuries before Christ, facing death at the orders of the impious king who had cast forth her brother's body to the jackal and the vulture, which body was interred in the earth by her, though she knew the penalty.

We think of Westminster and St Paul's, where the dust of our own great ones repose, and of the quiet churchyards innumerable where, as the living meet to worship, the forefathers of the hamlet rest without in the silent and expectant majesty of the grave.

A Horror Unspeakable.

Thus meditating peacefully, we are jarred to the quick by the foul and grating shock of this twentieth century horror. We are men and women, not beasts or calculating machines, therefore we simply cannot stand it—nay, we cannot even understand it.

The revolted feelings of chivalrous France and devout Russia may easily be conjectured. From our Far Eastern Allies, China and Japan, words of unspeakable loathing are already reaching us—most naturally, since veneration for their ancestors, and consequently for their mortal remains and places of sepulture, lies at the root of the religions of these ancient peoples.

Why need one mutiply testimony? Outside their own odious pale, is there any one ancient or modern, barbarian or civilised, who is not of one mind concerning this horrible work?

I speak of their own odious pale, yet remember there are 65,000,000 of them. They surely cannot all be insensible to primitive human impulses toward decency. There are fathers and wives, sweethearts and sisters, there even as here. Their menfolk have gone out according to their lights to fight for their country. And they have fallen.

Will no word of remonstrance be raised even from that nation which seems to have lost its soul? A soldier's grave used to be reckoned one of earth's honoured spots. His comrades have been wont heretofore where possible to mark it with a little cross or a stake. And after the war drum had ceased its throbbing tender and pitiful pilgrimages have been undertaken to drop a flower or a tear on the place where the warrior slept after battle.

But now you must seek him in the devil's broth of the offal house, or inquire of him at the greased axle trees of the waggon wheels, or at the troughs of the swine fodder. And withal you must try to seek comfort to yourself in the reflection that the body which perhaps you bore as a babe or clasped in your arms—the body which was broken for you—is helping to earn a comfortable dividend for a syndicate of commercialised ghouls.

So, this then is the last word of science as applied to war and death, is it? O, it is quite scientific, quite logical! which shows us as with a terrible, lightning flash what abysses of terror and foulness may entrap humanity if these be its only guides.

Poet and prophet have feared that man might reel back into the beast. To Germany a worse thing has befallen. She has reeled into the dust as a beast, and with a ghastly resurrection she has emerged as a scientific ghoul.

H. M. DAVIDSON.

GLASGOW WOMAN DROWNED AT GOUROCK.

Gourock, Saturday.

This afternoon the body of a woman, which was found floating off Gourock Pier, was identified as that of Mrs Gibson, a widow, residing at 182 West Princes Street, Glasgow. How she got into the water is a mystery, but some articles belonging to her were found lying on a seat near at hand.

ALLEGED EVICTIONS OF SOLDIERS' WIDOWS.

COUNTY COUNCIL'S INVESTIGATIONS.

Hamilton, Saturday.

As the outcome of an agitation raised by the Labour members of the Middle Ward District Committee of the County Council of Lanark, Mr W. E. Whyte, the District Clerk, has made inquiries regarding the position of soldiers' widows who are occupying houses owned by colliery companies throughout Lanarkshire.

The allegation has been made that in some instances the widows were being asked to remove from the houses in order that workmen might be accommodated, so as to increase the output of coal in the national interest.

Mr Whyte reports that he had addressed no fewer than forty letters to colliery companies, and replies had been received from thirty-six firms.

The replies had not elicited any case in which it was admitted that the wife or widow of a soldier had been asked to remove from a house, although, Mr Whyte significantly adds, "it must be observed that a few of the replies received are not free from ambiguity."

From inquiries made to-day in Hamilton it is definitely announced that the question is to be further investigated by the Housing Committee of the County Council.

"NO OTHER WAY."

LORD STRATHCLYDE AND FOOD PROBLEM.

Dumfries, Saturday.

Lord Strathclyde was the principal speaker at a meeting in the Town Hall, Dumfries, this afternoon, in connection with the food economy campaign. The meeting was attended by a large number of delegates from public bodies in the district and county.

Lord Strathclyde, in dealing with the question of food shortage, said the problem was a very simple one. We must rigidly shun all waste of the prime necessaries of life and substantially reduce our consumption of those necessaries. There was no other way, and there could be no other way to meet the problem. Let us make no mistake, we were not asked to sacrifice anything that was necessary for physical efficiency.

If every man, woman, and child would simply avoid all waste of the necessaries of life the shortage of food would cease, and there would be no need for food economy campaigns. It was literally true that at the present time our national safety depended upon the valour, tact, and management of the women of this country, and in his judgment our safety was in secure hands. When the women of Scotland were needed and eager they had never been beaten, and they would not be beaten now.

ABERDEEN OFFICER KILLED.

Aberdeen, Saturday.

Among Aberdeen officers killed in the big advance few were better known than Captain Robert J. A. Dunn, of the Gordons, whose death is announced to-day. He was in his thirty-fourth year, and was the second son of the late Mr John A. Dunn, Queen's Road.

As a Territorial he joined up with the Gordons in September, 1914, and a year later went to the front, his promotion being rapid. Prior to the war he was associated with the firm of Messrs J. & R. Dunn, boot and shoe merchants, but it was as a sportsman he was best known. He was a prominent Rugby player, and for several years was captain of the Grammar School F.P.'s.

A widow and one child are left.

POST FOR KILMARNOCK M.P.

It is reported that Lieutenant the Hon. Alexander Shaw, M.P. for Kilmarnock Burghs, has been appointed as Parliamentary private secretary to Sir Albert Stanley, president of the Board of Trade.

Lieutenant Shaw is the son of Lord Shaw, of Dunfermline, and has seen quite a lot of active service during the war. He has been prevented from further pursuing his military duties at the moment on medical grounds. Lieutenant Shaw is very popular with his fellow-members in the House, and the appointment has given great satisfaction.

ENGINEER INJURED.

Govan, Saturday Night.

While employed in the engineering shop of Messrs Alexander Chaplin & Co., Helen Street, Govan, this afternoon an apprentice electrical engineer, Alex. Martin (19), residing at 650 Alexandra Parade, had his hand injured by the fall of a baton of wood.

On removal to the Western Infirmary it was found necessary to amputate one of the fingers.

TEACHERS AND THEIR SALARIES.

Greenock, Saturday.

Renfrewshire teachers, at a meeting in the Watt Hall to-day, discussed at length the question of national scales of salaries for all members of the profession.

A resolution was proposed by Mr Hugh Guthrie (Kilbarchan) urging that steps be taken to secure the necessary legislation, which was adopted.

Mr John M. Graham (Barrhead) presided.

NEPHEW OF LORD STRATHCLYDE KILLED IN ACTION.

Helensburgh, Saturday.

Sergeant T. Gordon Steven, eldest son of Mr Thomas Steven, and a nephew of Lord Strathclyde, has now been officially reported killed in August last. He was reported missing at the battle of the Somme. Sergeant Steven, who was only twenty-one years of age, was educated at Merchiston Castle School.

GLASGOW CHORAL FESTIVAL.

ENTHUSIASTIC CLOSE TO SUCCESSFUL COMPETITION.

Glasgow, Saturday Night.

Scenes of great enthusiasm marked the close to-night of the seventh Glasgow Choral (Competition) Festival.

Dr H. Walford Davies, the principal adjudicator, prior to presenting the prizes and other awards, remarked that Glasgow was one of the few cities in which the women and children had kept the flag flying in the absence of the men. He knew of at least one case in which the position of Glasgow had been the deciding factor in enabling the festival in another part of the country to be carried on. Dr Davies added, with reference to the singing of the female choirs, that he had never heard finer singing by female choirs in any part of the country than he had heard in Glasgow this month. To-day's complete list of awards are as follows:—

Day School Choirs (junior class)—1 Knoxland Public School, Dumbarton; 2 Newlands Public School, Glasgow.

Day School Choirs (senior class)—1 Dumbarton Academy; 2 Gallowflat Public School and Duntocher Public School (equal).

Junior Student Choirs—Greenock High Grade School.

Day School Choirs (open challenge class)—1 Newlands Public School; 2 Dumbarton Academy.

Juvenile (excluding day school) Choirs—1 Dumbarton Equitable Co-Operative Junior Choir; 2 Dowanhill U.F. Church Junior Choir.

Children's Action Songs (junior class)—1 St Mungo's School, Glasgow; 2 Knoxland Public School, Dumbarton.

Children's Action Songs (senior class)—1 St Mungo's School; 2 Giffnock School, Glasgow.

Female Voice Choirs (Scottish Challenge Class)—1 Scottish Song Society Choir; 2 Clydebank Union U.F. Church Choir.

Children's Action Songs (challenge stage)—St Mungo's School.

Vocal Solos (Scots Folk-Song Class)—Miss Lucy Rankin.

Juvenile Choirs (open challenge class)—1 Vale of Leven Co-Operative Junior Choir; 2 Kinning Park Co-Operative Society Junior Choir.

Vocal Solos (final stage)—Miss Lucy Rankin.

Female Voice Choirs (open challenge class)—1 Glasgow Socialist Glee Party; 2 Mr Thorpe Davie's Choir.

PIPING AND DANCING COMPETITION AT DALMUIR.

Clydebank, Saturday Night.

A series of piping, dancing, and singing contests was decided in St Stephen's Parish Halls, Dalmuir, this afternoon. The entries were numerous, and competition, particularly in the open events, was keen.

The following are the principal results:—Singing Scottish Songs (open)—J. Lees, Motherwell; step dance (open)—B. M'Pherson, Glasgow; sword dance (open, 16 and under)—A. M'Quillan, Edinburgh; Shean Trubhais (open, 16 and under)—M. May, Glasgow; jig (16 and under)—William M'Ewan, Stenhousemuir; piping, amateur march (open)—A. M'Indewar, Clydebank; best-dressed competitor (open) — William Stewart, Greenock.

SOLDIER "BORROWS" CYCLE.

A LOST TRAIN AND ITS SEQUEL.

Aberdeen, Saturday Night.

How a soldier on furlough got into trouble at Culter was related in Aberdeen Sheriff Court to-day, when Private James Smith, a member of the Machine Gun Section, admitted to Sheriff Laing having maliciously removed bicycles.

According to the Fiscal, Smith, who was on furlough, spent a night at Culter. A man who was attending a concert in the Public Hall had left his bicycle outside, and accused went away with it. The owner, on missing the bicycle, informed a police sergeant that a man in khaki had been seen going away on it. The sergeant gave chase on his cycle, overtaking accused near Banchory.

Smith said he took the bicycle because he had lost the last train for Banchory. He intended to send it back, and if he had not been drunk he would not have done it. He was fined 20s.

A HERO OF THE SEA.

Chief Engineer F. Pheinster, of Aberdeen, who has been awarded the D.S.M. for distinguished service on patrol duty on the North Sea, and who has also received from the Admiral at the base at which his vessel works the medal for zeal, only two of which are awarded each year.

Under the auspices of Alexandria and Bonhill Masonic Lodge, a successful concert in aid of the funds of the Scottish Limbless Sailors' and Soldiers' Hospital at Erskine House was held in the Parish Church Hall, Alexandria, last night. Brother Adam M'Auley, R.W.M., presided.

STATE PURCHASE OF LIQUOR.

BRISK DISCUSSION AT SCOTTISH TRADES CONGRESS.

MR SMILLIE AND THE PROHIBITIONISTS.

Falkirk, Saturday.

The concluding sitting of the Scottish Trades Union Congress was held at Falkirk to-day—Mr Robert Allan, Chairman of the Parliamentary Committee, presiding.

Liquor Control.

A lengthy discussion took place on the subject of the State purchase and prohibition of the liquor traffic, a resolution being moved by Mr William Shaw, Glasgow Trades Council, declaring that the time had come when the traffic should be placed under the control of Town and County Councils, as this system would give the citizens direct control, and enable them to take such steps as they deemed necessary to promote temperance, and also that the manufacture of liquor should be a State monopoly.

Mr Armour, Operative Masons, who seconded, declared that 90 per cent. of this prohibitionist agitation was hypocritical, and the Prohibitionists in Scotland would scarcely fill a decent-sized hall. So far as food supplies were concerned, the Government already possessed the powers to prohibit the liquor traffic. The Prohibition agitation was not democratic, because it was intended not to give the people the opportunity of stating their views.

Mr Barron, Carpenters and Joiners, moved a resolution in favour of prohibition during the war. He thought this question could be discussed without people bandying such terms as hypocrite at each other. He knew there was a feeling in working-class organisations that State control was a proper thing, but he did not think those favouring this proposal meant to give an exhorbitant price to brewers, distillers, and publicans.

Plea of Prohibitionists.

Mr Robert Smillie declared that a statement was made by a prohibitionist from a public platform that he (Mr Smillie), in appearing as a member of that recent deputation to the Prime Minister, had been put up to express the Government attitude. That was untrue. He went there because he and those with him had a mandate from the working class movement of Scotland.

He heard dangerous statements by the deputation who favoured prohibition, and these statements were directed against the working classes. It was said to Mr Lloyd George that if prohibition was enforced 25 per cent. more munitions would be got from the Clyde area. The men who said so were employers of labour. It was a purely selfish view they advocated, as it meant that they would get 25 per cent. more labour out of their employees with correspondingly bigger profits.

He held that if prohibition was a good thing now it was a good thing for all time, not alone for the period of the war. The prohibitionists who were using the cry of food shortage had never lifted a finger to put uncultivated land under cultivation, nor to alleviate the scandal of bad housing which drove people to public-houses.

Mr Joe Houghton, Dockers, said the Temperance party were responsible for bringing the public-houses to the level of drinking shops, and refusing to the working men the privileges given to the wealthy classes.

Councillor Whitehead, Glasgow, said Clyde workers would have prohibition if it would shorten the war an hour, and prohibitionists had no right to oppose the Clyde workers.

On a division, the resolution favouring State purchase was carried by 60 votes to 18.

PAISLEY MAGISTRATE'S LOSS.

Fate of Two Soldier Sons.

Paisley, Saturday.

This morning Bailie Henderson, one of the leading members of Paisley Town Council, received a telegram from the War Office informing him that his younger son, Captain Arthur Henderson, A. and S.H., was wounded on the 23d inst., and is now believed to have been killed.

This blow to Bailie and Mrs Henderson is all the more crushing from the fact that only yesterday he was informed by the War Office that his elder son, Private George Henderson, of the Canadians, had been posted missing since the 9th inst.

The Bailie's younger son, Captain Henderson, got the Military Cross in January last for leading his company with great courage and dash, advancing the line and consolidating the position during the Battle of the Somme. He was only twenty-three years of age.

LEITH BOYS' BRIGADE INSPECTION.

Leith, Saturday Night.

Brigadier-General E. Morton, commanding the Reserve Infantry Brigade, inspected the Leith Battalion of the Boys' Brigade in Victoria Park this afternoon. There was a large muster of the boys, and they made a very good appearance in the various movements in which they were tested. The inspecting officer was highly pleased with them. As usual there was a very big turnout of spectators.

DEATH OF METHIL MERCHANT.

Methil, Saturday Night.

The death took place this afternoon of a well-known Methil merchant, Mr Thomas Rodie, in his sixty-second year. He came to Methil from Pittenweem twenty-seven years ago as assistant to Mr William Nicol, and latterly started business on his own account. He retired about a year ago, and had been for some time in indifferent health. The late Mr Rodie, who was unmarried and a native of Glasgow, had travelled extensively, and was a man of high intelligence.

GIPSY SMITH AND THE TOMMIES.

RACY STORY OF WAR WORK IN FRANCE.

STRAIGHT TALK TO MINISTERS.

Glasgow, Saturday Night.

"Gipsy" Smith, as the well-known evangelist delights to call himself, is always a racy speaker, and he gave evidence in the address he delivered in the Lyric Buildings this afternoon under Y.M.C.A. auspices of the rare combination of humour and seriousness, of sparkling wit and touching pathos which has earned for him a world-wide reputation.

"Gipsy" dealt with his experiences in France, where he has worked for six months with the Y.M.C.A. At the outset he declared that had it been at all possible for him to join the boys who were proceeding to fight for King and country, nothing would have kept him back, but he was rejected because he was Anno Domini. (Laughter.) He was a grandfather, and was turned down, which was, perhaps, not altogether surprising when he remembered that, if he were spared till June, he would have completed forty years' evangelical work, spread over four continents. (Applause.)

Fighting For the Folks Who Quarrel About Religion.

"I am proud of being a gipsy," he told his audience a moment later; "it is such a common thing to be born in a house. I was born in a field, and you can't very well keep me in a flower-pot.

"The bravest and best that God ever gave to a nation," was how he described the soldiers among whom he had worked. He added that they hadn't found out yet whether he was a Wesleyan a Baptist, a Congregationalist, or a Salvationist; he never told them, and they had more sense than to ask. They were not quarrelling about religion over in France; they were fighting for the folk who were quarrelling about it at home. (Laughter and applause.)

Drastic Treatment For Ministers.

"I would send every minister over to France for three months," declared the speaker, "and if a minister wouldn't go, I would dismiss him from the ministry, for he would learn more in France in three months than he would learn in college in a longer time."

"We want a bit more sanctified business capacity in all our churches," was another of his bon mots.

Touching upon the possibility of an early peace, Gipsy Smith declared that Britain was not ready for peace yet. If, two years ago, Britain had had the religion she ought to have had, she would have followed the example of her noble King, and adopted prohibition. If she had done that then, she would have had peace now, but she had not sufficient religion to do it then, and she had not enough religion to do it yet. (Applause.)

The Soldiers' Religion.

The soldiers, he proceeded to say, had far more religion than some people gave them credit for. Religion was a sunny thing, and the sunniest lot he had seen in Scotland were the soldiers he had seen that afternoon at Erskine Hospital for Limblees Sailors and Soldiers. (Applause.) After relating an incident which showed how he had proved to a rather austere and formal clergyman that the soldiers were not sceptical regarding true religion, he added that his experience was that a person could catch more flies with treacle than with vinegar. (Laughter.)

In intimating a collection on behalf of the Y.M.C.A. work among the soldiers—people at home, he said, had no idea what these huts meant to soldiers—Gipsy Smith remarked that some of those present had spent more on pleasure during the last three months than they had given to Christ in five years. "I don't want your coppers," he concluded; "don't insult the Lord with them, when you can give far more."

Mr John Reid, who presided, mentioned that the building in which they had met was now free from debt—an intimation that elicited a round of hearty applause.

PROMOTION FOR NEWPORT VOLUNTEERS.

Newport, Saturday Night.

The following promotions have been made in A Company, 2d Battalion, Fifeshire Volunteers (Newport Detachment) by order of the officer commanding:—Sergeant A. B. Duncan to be company sergeant-major; Lance-Sergeant P. W. Robertson to be sergeant; Corporal F. Sturrock to be lance-sergeant; Corporal W. H. Thomson to be sergeant (machine gun); Private N. Duncan to be corporal (machine gun); Lance-Corporals, Privates H. W. Macdonald, T. J. Bruce, J. F. Irvine, T. Ferguson, W. J. Pae, and J. A. Cowie.

Colonel Champion, the officer commanding Westmoreland and Cumberland Yeomanry, to which company he is now attached, is expected to be at the parade to-morrow (Sunday), when all the branches will be tested in practical work.

Captain Reid will be in command.

NATIONAL RESERVIST'S TRAGIC DEATH.

Pitlochry, Saturday Night.

The funeral took place this afternoon of Corporal Francis Henderson, a Perthshire National Reservist, who died under tragic circumstances.

He was engaged guarding the Highland Railway on the Grampians, and, while running to catch a train at Newtonmore, he slipped and fell over an embankment bridge. He was picked up in an unconscious condition, and only survived about a couple of hours.

Corporal Henderson, who was an old Scottish Horse man, was forty-seven years of age, and had been engaged in the National Reserve since the beginning of 1915. He was a retired coach-hirer, and lived at Blackwater, Spital of Glenshee.

AYR REMOUNT SCANDAL.

ACCUSED ALL PLEAD NOT GUILTY.

Ayr, Saturday.

Sheriff Broun presided at a pleading diet of the High Court at Ayr to-day, when the ten men charged in connection with the Ayr Remount Depot case were before the Court.

John Clark Greig, 12 Keir Street, Edinburgh, and David Crawford Hay Proudfoot, stud groom, 7 Roxburgh Street, Edinburgh, were charged with having, between November 1, 1914, and January 12, 1917, while in charge on behalf of the War Department of the Government Supplies and Forage and Coal at the Remount Depot, Ayr, stolen 55 tons of oats, 2 tons of bran, 2 tons of flour, 307 bales of hay, 20 bales of straw, 3 tons of coal, and smaller quantities of beanmeal, thirds, oatmeal, and linseed.

The men charged with resetting various quantities of the stolen goods are:—

Thomas Bryden, nurseryman, Castlehill Road, Ayr;

William Tavendale, cattle salesman's foreman, Slaphouse, Ayr;

Thomas Murray, dairyman, Craigie Avenue, Ayr;

David Murray, carting contractor, Carrick Street, Ayr;

William Paterson, blacksmith, Carrick Street, Ayr;

James Findlay, fruiterer and market gardener, Alloway Street, Ayr;

William Scullion, horse dealer, Wallace Street, Ayr; and

Thomas Fitzsimmons Scullion, private, 3d Battalion, Royal Scots.

All the accused, who were represented by agents, pleaded not guilty, and were remitted for trial at Edinburgh on May 8.

The estimated value of the goods alleged to have been stolen is about £700.

CONGREGATIONAL UNION OF SCOTLAND.

Opening of "May Meetings" In Glasgow.

Glasgow, Saturday Night.

The annual meetings in connection with the Congregational Union of Scotland are to be held in Glasgow next week, and to-night a start was made with a public meeting for young men and women. The meeting was held in Dundas Street Church, which has been called the Cathedral Church of the Union.

There was a large attendance of young people, and the chair was occupied by Mr Malcolm Campbell, who emphasised the important part played by the young people of the Churches.

To-morrow Sunday School demonstrations are to be held in Great Hamilton Street Church, Montrose Street Church, and the South-Side Church (Nelson Street).

The business sessions of the Union extend from Monday afternoon till Wednesday, and each evening public meetings are to be held, at which addresses will be delivered by the members and also by the delegates from other bodies. At the meeting on Monday evening the retiring chairman (Rev. Charles Richardson, Montrose Street Church) is to deliver his valedictory address. On Tuesday night the principal speaker is to be the Rev. Dr J. D. Jones, Bournemouth, who is generally recognised as one of the foremost preachers in England.

HARTHILL MINER SERIOUSLY INJURED.

Airdrie, Saturday.

A man named Thomas Morrison (25), a brusher, residing at Peden Place, Harthill, is to-day reported to have been seriously injured by an explosion in the main coal seam of Benhar Colliery, West Benhar. He was engaged in putting the explosive (gelignite) into a bore hole in the rock when it exploded prematurely. He was severely hurt about the eyes, and sustained a compound multiple fracture at the wrist and elbow of the left forearm, while some of the fingers were blown away.

ERSKINE HOUSE SOLDIERS ENTERTAINED.

Duntocher, Saturday Night.

The Rev. Father Lawton, St Mary's, Duntocher, entertained a party of 120 limbless soldiers and sailors from Erskine House in the Public Hall at Duntocher this afternoon. The men were conveyed to the hall in a fleet of twenty private motor cars, and, after Father Lawton had extended a welcome, dinner was served. Thereafter a capital concert programme was entered upon. At the close of the entertainment Sergeant-Major Moran, on behalf of his comrades, thanked Father Lawton for the hospitality extended to them.

LATEST NEWS IN A NUTSHELL.

FROM ALL PARTS OF SCOTLAND.

BY WIRE AND 'PHONE.

A consignment of 140 tons of potatoes arrived in Glasgow yesterday.

There is a great scarcity of sugar at Duncon, some grocers dealing the commodity out in ounces.

Signaller-Sergt. James Swan, A. and S.H., a Grangemouth Military Medallist, has been killed at the front.

It is reported that Private James Findlay, D.C.M., K.O.S.B., was killed in the fighting on 17th inst. He belongs to Chapelhall.

The sum of £950 10s 3d has been subscribed by the scholars in the War Savings Associations in the various schools in the Vale of Leven.

Private Alexander W. Bisset, Black Watch, was killed in action on 8th inst. He was employed as carter and ploughman on the Banskeid estate, Pitlochry.

Mr James Clement, Stirling Street, Denny, has received intimation of the death in action of his two sons, Private James Clement and Private Peter Clement, A. and S.H.

The Secretary for Scotland has appointed Mr James Somerville, Sheriff Clerk Depute of Berwickshire, to be Sheriff Clerk of Berwickshire, in place of Mr William Crawford, deceased.

Second-Lieutenant Wilfred B. Cromb, A. and S.H., attached to the Royal Flying Corps, has been reported missing. He is a son of Mr David Cromb, the Singer Company, Clydebank.

John Simpson, a boy of six, residing at 24 Windsor Cottages, Whiteinch, was admitted to the Western Infirmary, having been run over by a railway waggon. He sustained several lacerated wounds on both legs.

Vale of Leven Bowling Club celebrated its jubilee yesterday, when the green at Alexandria was formally opened by Mr C. Gardiner, the president. Mr Jas. Wilson, Alexandria, one of the original members, threw the first jack.

By an outbreak of fire in the Dumbarton Combination Hospital, Dumbarton, last night part of the roof of the east wing of the building was destroyed. None of the patients received injury, and the damage is estimated at about £50.

Busy scenes were witnessed yesterday when it became known in Paisley that a local grocer had received a supply of potatoes. A policeman had to be summoned to regulate the crowds of women and children round the shop during the day.

Two Forfar soldiers have succumbed to wounds—Private George Masterton, of the Highland Light Infantry (son of Mr George Masterton, Headingstone Place), and Private Martin Bowman, of the Black Watch, grandson of Mr Adam Bowman, John Street.

Sergeant William Cumming, Argylls, who prior to the war was a policeman at Duncon, has been decorated with the Military Medal on the field for bravery. Single-handed he killed six Germans, blew up a German dug-out, and led his men into the enemy trenches.

The funeral of the late Mr A. S. Biggart (chairman of Sir W. Arrol & Co., Ltd.), who was prominently identified with the construction of the Forth Bridge, took place yesterday afternoon from his residence at Sherbrooke Avenue, Pollokshields, to Cathcart Cemetery.

Major Hugh Roxburgh Young, Royal Scots Fusiliers, is reported as having died of wounds received in Egypt on the 19th inst. In pre-war days Major Young was well known in Ayrshire as Territorial officer for the Irvine Valley, and since the outbreak of hostilities he had served in Gallipoli and Egypt. He was the Town Clerk of Newmilns.

Information was received yesterday of the death from wounds of Sergeant Alex. Kydd, Canadian Grenadier Guards, son of Mr William Kydd, signalman, Leysmill, Forfarshire. He was thirty-seven years of age, and was formerly a member of the Dundee Constabulary. Sergeant Kydd served in the Boer War, for which he held a medal with four clasps.

David Hislop, David Congleton, and Thomas M'Clounnan were convicted at Glasgow Southern Police Office of having managed and conducted premises at 372 Rutherglen Road as a gaming house. Hislop and Congleton were both fined £50, with the alternative of three months' imprisonment, and M'Clounnan was fined £25, or sixty days. A number of men found in the premises were found £2 each, and others were admonished.

A HAPPY GLASGOW TRIO OF MUNITIONEERS.

IN CONFIDENCE FROM THE INNER CIRCLE.

Premier's Unreported Statement: Austria and a Speedy Peace: Tino's Agents Active in London: Watch Salonika!

EXCLUSIVELY CONTRIBUTED
(BY "POST" SPECIAL WIRE).

THE overseas delegates to the War Council are more impressed by the Prime Minister's latest feat than by anything that has come under their observation in this country. Coming back from France and Italy he met them at the War Council, and made a statement which for force and lucidity was unparalleled in the experience of any of them. And there, after their tantalising fashion, they lapse into silence. "What did he say?" is still the unanswered query.

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"How well he looks," was the comment of the crowds who lined city streets to see Mr Lloyd George go to the Guildhall to receive the freedom of the city. There have been some sensational stories floating about concerning the effects of the notorious overwork in which he has been indulging, but his appearance certainly gave them the lie.

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More and more is being reported of the personality and the attributes of the Empress Zita of Austria. I am informed that she bases her hope of a speedy peace upon the establishment of a Catholic Empire of Teutonic races of Southern Europe, and that she has obtained the support of the Pope for this scheme, which is well backed in Bavaria. The triangle—Berlin, Vienna, Munich—will be worth watching between now and August.

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Greece matters so little in the present European scheme of affairs that it is remarkable how Tino's country keeps itself under notice. But there is a certain amount of Greek money being spent in London just at present. Heaven knows where it comes from; perhaps it is really marks! In any case the enemies of M. Venezelos are fighting from here with any weapon available, and most of the enemies of M. Venezelos are friends of King Constantine. It is noteworthy that these people tried their luck in France and could not get a hearing.

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C. M. G. The initials stand for an honour usually granted to deserving folk in little-known colonies. In the exciting times in which we live they represent the newest political movement among non-political people. They can best be explained by the statement that Sir Edward Carson's friends are now loudly recalling the circumstances that he has never sought office, and has sacrificed many ideals and a large slice of income to the admirers who thrust the distinction upon him.

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The brilliant torpedo boat Channel fight early in the week has only served to emphasise the general dissatisfaction with the naval strategy we have been pursuing during the past two years. Sir Edward Carson's speech at the Aldwych Club is now being quoted in proof of the allegation that his substitution for Mr Balfour at the Admiralty has brought a new enterprise to the senior arm of the service. Many of his former admirers are now saying that a second resignation from the Cabinet would leave him in much the same political situation as Colonel Winston Churchill and the forgotten Mr Bowles.

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The weather indicates that a move in the Balkans may shortly be expected. "Watch Salonika," is the shibboleth of the hour, and the people who are saying this are not, I may add, generally classed as false prophets.

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The adoption of the principle of Imperial preference by the Government happens at a time when the name of Mr Hughes, of Australia, has faded out of print and almost out of memory. It can hardly be realised that Mr Hughes is now engaged in a grim fight for political existence somewhere 12,000 miles away. But so it is, and if my information from Australian sources is accurate the result may well be that the Australian "Taffy" may drop entirely out of the limelight.

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A month or two ago one heard the question asked everywhere, "What does it matter what America thinks?" President Wilson has altered all that, and there is just a suspicion of boredom about the everlasting quotation of "what America thinks" now being used to clinch club arguments. The Irish question, for instance, is near solution, but no nearer because of the free use made of what is alleged to be American opinion on the subject.

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Mr Balfour's chief purpose in travelling to the States is, it is said, to arrange that the whole shipbuilding activity of North America shall be concentrated in cargo-carrying vessels. What this would mean may be gathered from the fact that America built over 1,200,000 tons of merchant craft last year, and will probably increase that record by fifty per cent. in 1917 if no warships have to be built. This makes the States the first shipbuilding country of the world.

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The position of men between the ages of forty-one and forty-five is being freely mentioned in connection with the submarine menace. Time is fighting for the enemy, the gossips say, if the average of this week's figures can be maintained by them. In other words, the coming secret session will be concerned with means for rushing a decision in the West, even if it involves taking the older men for reserves.

I have seen a good deal of the newly wounded during the past week, and they have given me a new confidence. I never met men so certain of the result; a wonderful contrast to the wounded from Ypres, Neuve Chapelle, Loos, and even the Somme. The nation is still unable to appreciate how well things have gone this month in France and Flanders, but this will be made apparent in a very few weeks, so that nobody can miss it.

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The delay in finding a seat for Sir George M'Crae has had a curious sequel. The names of Sir Hamar Greenwood and Mr "Freddy" Guest are now being freely mentioned in connection with the vacant post of Chief Government Whip, and it is further said that Sir George has decided to return to the front.

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The Jockey Club meets on Monday, and the fate of many useless racehorses is in the balance. From what I hear I imagine that there will be no more selling races while the war lasts, and that the second-raters kept for such races will be thrown out of training, if not actually destroyed. A very sweeping reduction in the number of animals in training has been asked from the rulers of the turf, and they are almost certain to conform to the request.

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The next vote of credit will be asked for within the ensuing fortnight, and will be comparatively a small one. I understand that the sum fixed approximately in the City is somewhere about £200,000,000. But for the intervention of America it might have been twice as much without exciting any comment.

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The order for bread tickets and other stationery necessary to the rationing of the nation has gone to the printers, but the Food Control is still hoping for an eleventh-hour conversion to food economy on the part of the nation. Once rationing begins I hear that the Government may take over bakers', butchers', and grocery shops, in addition to the flour mills.

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There is a great outcry against the tea-shops and cheaper eating-houses, who are earning the new regulations governing restaurants against their patrons in a fashion that must be profitable to themselves. There is already talk of a boycott of these places, and a properly organised movement in this direction would certainly succeed.

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The Kitchen Committee of the House of Commons gets the credit for the fact that champagne is cheaper and better in the dining-rooms than anywhere in London. Owing to the foresight of the Committee in laying in stocks it is possible to sell this war necessity at almost pre-war prices. For which good news, much thanks!

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The manufacture of dog biscuits ends in a week or two, and a reduction in the number of dogs kept as pets is one of the certainties of the moment. Dog-lovers are not prepared for the short, sharp order which will be issued before spring has become summer, but I understand it is inevitable that the order restricting the maintenance of dogs will be very drastic, leaving no necessity for further reductions.

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The topic of Republicanism in Great Britain has not been a fortunate one for Mr G. H. Wells. He ought to know how mank cranks there are loose in our community, but I learn that his letter-bag since writing to the Times on the subject of Republican centres in these islands has enlarged his ideas on the possibilities of a crowned Republic. In any case, Mr Wells may flatter himself with the justified belief that he is the only man in Great Britain who could have ensured the publication of such a letter in the Times.

INCREASE IN LIQUOR PRICES AT AIRDRIE.

Airdrie, Saturday.

The members of the Airdrie and District Wine, Beer, and Spirit Trade Association have to-day posted notices announcing minimum increased prices, which will come into force on Monday first. Whisky, rum, and gin will be 1s 6d per gill, 9d per glass, and 7s 6d per bottle; brandy, 2s per gill, 1s per glass, 10s per bottle; draught beer and stout, 8d per pint, 5d per schooner, 4d per half-pint. Bottled beer and stout will be 7d per reputed pint bottles; large bottles (screw stoppers), 8d per bottle. Wines are to remain at present prices.

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TRADE MARK

Are the remedy for Children's Teething; quieting their restlessness, regulating their bowels, and improving their digestion, health, and spirits.

See the Trade Mark, a Gum Lancet, on every packet and powder. Of Chemists and Drug Stores — 1/1½ and 2/9 per packet.

125, New North Road, London, N.

The Most Astounding Revelations of the War. **Begin this Exclusive Series To-day.**

BEHIND THE GERMAN VEIL

By J. M. de BEAUFORT,

The Man who Interviewed Hindenburg and "Prayed" with the Kaiser.

Mr J. M. de Beaufort, a Dutch journalist, recently toured Germany, and got the real facts about the internal affairs of the Fatherland. During his visit to the Eastern front he met with many strange adventures, especially when en route from Berlin to see Hindenburg. With his magic key—a letter of introduction to the Prussian idol—he bluffed through without passes or permits, though he had a narrow escape at Posen, when a travelling companion, no other than Bethmann Hollweg's nephew, got him out of a tight corner. He continued his journey to Allenstein, where more awkward situations were awaiting him.

AT ALLENSTEIN STATION. VON BETHMANN HOLLWEG, NEPHEW OF THE CHANCELLOR, LEFT; LIEUTENANT VON PLEWE RIGHT. IN THE CENTRE, THE AUTHOR

WE arrived at Allenstein about 9.30 a.m., only ten minutes over scheduled time, which, considering the fact that troop and ambulance trains had been running all night, was very good work. We went to the hotel "Deutsches Haus" and had breakfast.

Early in the war the Russians visited Allenstein, and were there for four days. I have talked to scores of Germans, inhabitants of the town, and did not find a single one amongst them who had the least complaint to make concerning the conduct of the "Russian hordes and barbarians," as the Huns call them.

My train acquaintances left me in the afternoon for their ultimate destination, the small town of Ortelsburg, some fifteen miles south of Allenstein, and in a district that has seen much fighting.

Before they left we all wrote a number of picture postcards, and, of course, according to German custom, everybody signed his name to everybody else's message. Bethmann sent a card to a mutual acquaintance at the Foreign Office in Berlin, which he asked me to sign. I took great care that my signature was an unreadable hieroglyphic. Still, after all, it was perfectly safe, because I was entrusted with the posting of the cards. I thought it wiser not to set the official mind wondering who the "charming journalist" was that Bethmann mentioned. (I posted it a month later from Stettin on the day I bade Farewell to the Fatherland.)

Before I left, Bethmann had taken me to the headquarters of the 20th Army Corps, commanded by General Count von Schlieffen. In the absence of the General he presented me to Major von der Goltz, nephew of the late Field-Marshal. General von Schlieffen was expected back about 6 p.m. When I returned at that hour von der Goltz introduced me to his chief. I must frankly admit that, German or no, I found him a courteous man. I produced—I wonder how many times I had done so before—the precious letter of introduction to General von Hindenburg.

He read it, and then inquired what he could do for me. I told him I was anxious to get over to Lötzen and present my letter.

"Oh, we will soon arrange that. I am going on an inspection trip to-morrow morning to Nicolaiken, which is only about twenty miles from Headquarters. If I cannot take you there myself I will get you a car."

"I hope you have not brought too much luggage," he added smilingly, and then warned me—"But remember, 6.30 a.m., my friend."

I would not have minded if it had been 7.30.

Asked for my "Passes and Permits."

Really, I began to get worried; such is the perversity of human nature. Everything was running on smoothly, as if it had been mapped out for me beforehand, and I—I distrusted my good fortune. It just seemed too easy. Where was the much-vaunted German thoroughness? Where was that German carefulness, shrewdness, and system? Here I was, without a permit, without any military document whatsoever, only my letter to Hindenburg, which, for all they knew of its authenticity, I might have written myself. Here was I in the German lines, rubbing with officers of all ranks, and planning motor trips with the General commanding an army corps. It really seemed ridiculous. My belief in the infallibility of the German system had received another rude shock.

But I was punished for my ingratitude and distrust of Dame Fortune.

I spent a most interesting half-hour with General von Schlieffen. He showed me a number of magnificent German Staff maps of Poland, pointed out to me the various Russian and German positions, and told me a great deal of Hindenburg's plans for the future. When I bade him goodbye I had to promise him that we would meet at dinner later in the evening. I was almost outside the door of the map room, when he suddenly called out—"Of course, Herr Beaufort, you have all your passes and permits from the Berlin General Staff in order?"

Well, that dished me. Wasn't this disgusting, wasn't this absolutely heartbreaking? After having bluffed my way from Berlin to close on the Polish frontier, almost within earshot of the Russian guns, after . . . What was the use, what did anything matter now? I felt like turning round and telling the General to go ahead and do his worst.

Re-entering the room, I feigned great surprise at his question. Why, of course, I had my passport, and then that letter to Hindenburg, also an introduction to General von Below—yes, most assuredly, all my papers were in order.

Ordered Back to Berlin.

Yes, yes, he knew all that; but what he meant was a permit to visit the front and the official pass issued by the General Staff in Berlin necessary in order to be able to enter the "Etappenlinie" ("lines of communication").

Again I looked surprised. "Oh, really? Well, no; you see, I only want to go and shake hands with the famous General. I do not wish to go to the front at all. Oh, dear no! All that would come later on, when the journalists go in nice little batches of six, on personally-conducted tours of the battlefield. No, this was merely a preliminary journey to go and present a letter of introduction." My God! how I talked, and how I tried to side-track him on to another subject.

But it was no use. He would insist on getting back to his subject—the Berlin permit. I had acted absolutely against all precedent. How did I know where Hindenburg was? Who had told me? It was a great secret. How had I got to Allenstein? How had I got into the Friedrichstrasse Station and the train without a permit? and a dozen similar questions. It was a complicated business.

He called Major von der Goltz into the room, and told him the situation. Von der Goltz was a sport. He observed that since I had got thus far it might be just as well to let me finish my trip, and suggested telephoning to Lötzen. In that way they could shift the responsibility on to Headquarters.

"I would be only too delighted to take you without all this fuss," explained von Schlieffen; "but we must obey orders, and I might get into awful trouble myself. You are in the lines of communication, where no civilians except those that live in the district are permitted without a special pass."

I suppose I should have been thankful that I was not locked up at once. He promised to telephone to Lötzen and ask whether he might bring me over the next morning. He would let me know the answer when we met at dinner.

Huh! I could have told him the answer right there and then. You see, it is a rule that has no exception, that when it comes to asking a favour over the telephone, especially when there is a doubtful element in the case—and a war correspondent these days always is a doubtful element—the surest and simplest answer is invariably "No." This rule is international, it applies to all countries and to all languages. I assure you I speak from bitter and manifold experience.

I walked back to the hotel less chirpy than I had left it an hour or so ago. At eight o'clock his Excellency appeared, and, with many assurances of regret, reported, as they say in Parliament—"The answer is in the negative." He was very sorry that he would have to miss my charming society on the morrow; but one of General Hindenburg's Staff officers had told him that I could not possibly continue my journey under the circumstances, and would either have to return to Berlin and arrange the matter there or telegraph to the Berlin General Staff to forward a permit at once. Oh, yes, I could see them in Berlin breaking their necks to send me a permit "at once"!

I decided that the best thing would be to return to Berlin and "arrange things there"; at least, that is what I told the General.

Of course, I assured him that I had been a perfect ass not to have thought of that when I was in Berlin; but then, no doubt he would understand that we unmilitary nations have not the least inkling about military regulations and necessities.

He felt very sorry for me, and insisted upon settling the dinner bill.

There was a train that evening at 11 p.m., twenty-four hours after my departure from Berlin, and, as he pointed out, he was reluctantly obliged to send me back by it. At first I intended to carry out his orders, but once more that irrepressible journalistic spirit of adventure rebelled.

An Exploit on German Train.

About 10.30 I bade the kindly General goodbye, and was again assured how sorry he was not to be able to have the pleasure of my company to-morrow, &c. As I could not get a cab or taxi, he called a private, and told him to carry my bag for me to the station. At first I wondered whether that was merely an excuse to have me watched, but I was mistaken.

I was beginning to enjoy the protection, privileges, and dignity which the company of a private soldier lent me. At the station I tipped the man, and he disappeared at once. The guard at the restaurant door had seen me come in with the private carrying my bag, and, German-like, was not going to take any chances. He was as polite, courteous, and helpful as he could possibly be. I inquired about trains. "Ah, your Excellency" (it did sound nice in my journalistic ears, and to my uneasy conscience), "it is difficult to say what delays there may be. The down train is an hour late already, and the express to Berlin has just been reported held up without any definite orders at Korschen (some thirty miles further east). Large movements of troops. Hindenburg at it again," he added confidentially. The waiting-room was crowded, but I found a corner somewhere with a chair, and, spreading out my maps on the table, I started to write my diary and jot down my impressions. This, of course, attracted considerable attention, which, I shall always maintain, is NOT a bad plan in Germany. The German who has anything on his conscience sneaks along in dark shadows, fights shy of the daylight, and tries to remain as unnoticed and humble as possible. So he judges that everybody else will do the same, and, ergo, anybody who walks in the middle of the street, with his head well up MUST be someone in authority. Now and again my friend, the assistant stationmaster, came in and reported on the situation. Once or twice I heard him say, "Foreign attaché to Hindenburg's Headquarters," in reply to various inquiries made by some of the passengers and officers.

A Midnight Wait.

When I found the entire train service all topsy-turvey I decided that I would leave my destination in the hands of the Fates—a philosophical attitude to take if you are waiting for a train in the heart of an important centre of communication. My argument was as follows:—"The goddess of journalism has protected me thus far. Very well. The first train that reaches this station, be it passenger or troop train, going east—towards Hindenburg's Headquarters—or west—back to Berlin—no matter, I shall get into it, and leave everything else on the knees of the gods."

Midnight came, and still no sign of a train. One o'clock, two o'clock. I think by that time I was the only civilian left in the waiting-room. The others had returned to the city, deciding to wait till the next day, rather than spend half or perhaps all night on the floor of the waiting-room. At 2.30—i.e., after three and a half hours' waiting, the assistant stationmaster rushed up to me and announced with great satisfaction that "ein militärzug" ("troop train") was due in about five minutes. "Where for?" I inquired indifferently, at least, so I tried to make it sound. "For Korschen and Insterburg," he answered. "You will change at Korschen, where you will have no difficulty in finding another military train to take you on to Lötzen."

Well, the die was cast. I did hesitate for a fraction of a second, in which a hundred fears and objections crowded through my brain. You see I could not longer act the part of an ignorant foreigner, unaware that he was in the lines of communication. I had been warned by Count von Schlieffen, so, if arrested, I had no defence whatsoever. I doubt whether I could have maintained that I had got into the wrong train. Well, faint journalist never won fair story, so en evant once again. My affable friend, the assistant stationmaster, commandeered a soldier to carry my bag for me, and out we marched on to the platform and through a tunnel to the next one where a few minutes later the snow-covered troop train pulled in.

Fatigued and Weary Huns.

In most German and neutral stories about military trains I think it is always understood that the men are singing in chorus, waving their helmets, and shouting, "Nach Petersburg," "Nach Paris," "Nach Calais." Well, all I can say is that during my three months' pilgrimage I have seen, met, and travelled in a good many military specials, but, with very, very few exceptions, I have heard no singing, no shouting, and little of that much-advertised German "humour." In most compartments into which I glanced ten men (the full complement), with their entire field kit, were packed together as close as sardines in a box, and in the majority of cases they were either sleeping or trying to do so. The faces, far from showing excitement, showed fatigue and weariness, and I heard many a sigh of "Ach, wie lange noch, wie lange noch."

When they were singing it was as a rule a sentimental old song, with some new additions, called, "I Had a Comrade." The words are somewhat like this:—

"I had a comrade, a better one you'd never find.
The drums called us to battle, and he marched at my side.
Gloria, victoria, with heart and hand,
For the Fatherland, for the Fatherland.
"The birds in the forest are singing so sweet,
In the homeland, in the homeland, where once more we'll meet.
Gloria, victoria, &c.
"A bullet then came a-flying; whom shall it strike, thee or me?
It hit him in the breast, and he lay at my feet.
He stretched out his hand and bade me farewell,
In all eternity he will remain my good old comrade."

This is the most popular German war-song of the day. Except here and there in garrison towns, when troops were marching to or from the station I rarely heard "Die Wacht am Rhein" or "Deutschland über Alles."

The military special was crowded with sleeping soldiers, but the stationmaster found a first class compartment for me, in which there was only one officer. I should have liked, for a change, to travel third with the soldiers and obtain some local atmosphere, or what, in newspaper parlance, is described as "human interest material."

Several civilians tried to board this train, but the railroad employees pushed them aside and bawled, with a liberal accompaniment of curses, that this was a "Militär-zug," and for soldiers only. Oh, how often did I laugh in my sleeve!

En Route for the Eastern Front.

My travelling companion was not very talkative. He was more than half asleep when I entered the compartment, so, to my disadvantage, he lost the homage paid to me by the very obsequious stationmaster. Such a pity! I might have continued being "Excellenz," and, who knows, perhaps have been "excellenced" into Hindenburg's presence. There is nothing so contagious in Germany as a title. We had scarcely started when our train stopped, and was side-tracked to permit the up express to pass. It was the Berlin night train!

I had missed—I may say now escaped—it by ten minutes.

At Korschen, situated between Allenstein and Insterburg, I had to change to a little branch line that would take me to Lötzen and Hindenburg. For some reason or other most of the military expresses I boarded stopped anywhere from a quarter to half a mile outside the station; Korschen was no exception.

As no passenger train was in sight no passes were demanded; nevertheless, several porters shouted something about "Train for Lötzen, military only." Well, I had to be military once more. I played the old trick of calling a soldier to carry my bag, and side by side we marched past guards and soldiers towards the train.

A few first, second, and third class coaches were sandwiched in between a larger number of freight cars, carrying, judging by their inscriptions, ammunition, wheat, barbed wire, and "Liebesgaben." Indeed, one might say, all that was near and dear to the heart of a soldier.

When dawn broke through a leaden sky it revealed a rolling, snow-covered country, bare as a Western Canadian prairie. Here and there on the horizon was a clump of fir trees, but that seemed the sole vegetation in this part of the country. It was barren, bleak, and gloomy. The houses of the occasional hamlets and small towns we passed were all built of red brick, and nowhere did I see the slightest trace of a garden. It was nothing but prairie, lakes, and marshes on all sides. Brrr! what an inhospitable country, what a terrible battlefield! Talk about the inundations of Flanders, the mud round Ypres—why, they were Kew Gardens compared to this place.

At 7.30 a.m. we reached Fortress Boyen, Lötzen. I was cold, tired, hungry, sleepy, and, to be quite honest, just a bit nervous. I realised that I was skating on very thin ice, and that one break would land me in gaol. My entry was not very auspicious. First thing I knew I was in a row with an ancient Landsturm ticket-collector, who insisted that I had not given him a ticket. He was quite right. I had no ticket to give him, but, of course, it would have been suicidal to admit that. I had to speak very harshly to him before he clicked his heels, "found" my ticket, and apologised.

At the modest little hotel, immodestly called "Kaiserhof," I snatched two hours' sleep. Of course, such a thing as a bath was not known in the place. I shaved, ate a hearty English breakfast, and about 11 a.m. proceeded with a beating heart, and wondering where I would be an hour hence, towards the ugly Town Hall where Hindenburg's headquarters were established.

Nearing Hindenburg's Quarters.

Yes, if the truth be told, I must say that I felt just a wee bit shaky about the knees. I wondered what view they would take of my perseverance, worthy, I am sure, of a kind reception.

I would wager that in the whole of Germany there could not be found one journalist whose hair would not have stood on end at the mere suggestion of travelling to Hindenburg's headquarters without a pass. Why, he would sooner think of calling at the Palace "Unter den Linden" and of asking to interview the Kaiser.

I think I must describe to you the way I appeared at headquarters. At Allenstein I had bought, the day before, a huge portrait of Hindenburg; it must have been nearly thirty inches long.

Under one arm I carried the photograph, in my hand my letter of introduction, and in my other hand a huge umbrella, which was a local acquisition. On my face I wore that beatific, enthusiastic, and very naive expression of "the innocent abroad." I had blossomed out into that modern pest—the autograph maniac.

Army corps, headquarters, strategy, and tactics were words that meant nothing to me. How could they, stupid, unmilitary foreigner that I was! It was a pure case of "fools will enter where angels fear to tread." You may be sure that my subsequent conversation with the Staff captain confirmed the idea that I was innocent of all military knowledge, and that I probably—so he thought—did not know the difference between an army corps and a section of snipers.

But joking apart. On showing my famous letter I had no difficulty whatsoever in entering the buildings of the General Staff. The first man I met was Hauptmann Frantz. He didn't seem a bad sort at all, and appeared rather to enjoy the joke and my "innocence" at imagining that I could walk up to Hindenburg's Eastern Headquarters and say, "Hello!" to the General.

Frantz read my letter and was duly impressed. He never asked me whether I had any passes. He advised me to go to the General's house, shook hands, and wished me luck.

Phew! I was glad that my first contact with the General Staff had come off so smoothly. I had been fully prepared for stormy weather, if not for a hurricane. Cockily, I went off to Hindenburg's residence, a very modest suburban villa not far from the station, and belonging to a country lawyer. There was a bit of garden in front and at the back; the house was new, and the bricks still bright red. Across the road on two poles a wide banner was stretched with "Willkommen" painted on it.

Two old Mecklenburger Landsturm men guarded the little wooden gate. I told them that I came from Great Headquarters, and once more produced the letter. They saluted, opened the gate, and one of them ran ahead to ring the door bell.

I walked up the little gravel path, with here and there a patch of green dilapidated grass on either side. I remember the window curtains were of a yellow plush. In the window seat stood a tall vase with artificial flowers, flanked by a birdcage with two canaries. It was all very suburban, and did not look at all like the residence of such a famous man. An orderly, with his left arm thrust into a top-boot, opened the door. In a tone of voice that left no chance for the familiar War Office question, "Have you an appointment, sir?" I inquired whether the Field-Marshal was at home, at the same time giving him my letter. The orderly peeled off his top-boot, unfastened his overalls, and slipped on his coat.

In the General's Private Rooms.

Then he carefully took my letter, holding it gingerly between thumb and third finger, so as not to leave any marks on it, and ushered me into the "Wohnzimmer," a sort of living and dining room combined. It was the usual German affair. A couch, a table, a huge porcelain stove, were the prominent pieces of furniture. All three were ranged against the long wall. The straight-backed chairs were covered with red plush. On the walls hung several monstrosities, near-etchings representing the effigies of the Kaiser, the Kaiserin, and, of course, "Our" Hindenburg. There was the usual over-abundance of artificial flowers and ferns so dear to the heart of every German Hausfrau.

The two canaries lived in the most elaborate home-made cage. (I understand they were the property of the "Hausfrau," not of Hindenburg!) On the table, covered with a check tablecloth, stood a bowl containing three goldfish. The floor was covered with a bright carpet, and in front of one of the doors lay a mat with "Salve" on it. Over the couch hung a photographic enlargement of a middle-aged soldier leaning nonchalantly against a door on which was chalked "Kriegsjahr, 1914." Over the frame hung a wreath with a black and white ribbon, inscribed "In Memoriam," telling its eloquent story.

Behind me was a map of the eastern front, and pinned alongside of it a caricature of a British Tommy sitting astride of a pyramid, and pulling a number of strings fastened to the legs, arms, and head of the Sultan, who was apparently dancing a jig.

That room impressed itself upon my memory for all time. I often dream of it.

I had waited only a few minutes when a young officer came in, who, bowing obsequiously, wished me a very formal good-morning. I took my cue from the way he bowed. He explained that the General was out in the car but was expected back before noon. Would I condescend to wait? Needless to say I did "condescend."

(Continued on Page 8.)

SONG SHEET FREE
CONTAINING ALL THE LATEST SUCCESSES
Take Me Back to Dear Old Blighty.
Oh, You Cuddlesome Girl.
My Own Iona.
I've Tried to be Good.
That Simple Life.
O'Brien is Tryin' to Learn Hawaiian.
Yaddle-Kaddle-Kiddle-Kaddle-Koo.
If I Could Turn the Clock Back.
Let the Great, Big World Keep Turning.
I've Had a Glass of Ginger Wine, &c.
WITH THIS WEEK'S
RED LETTER
ON SALE WEDNESDAY PRICE 1D

LATEST FROM LONDON.

INFORMATION WANTED ABOUT U-BOAT MENACE

MR BALFOUR'S SHREWD ADVICE.

(By "Post" Special Wire.)

London, Saturday Night.

THERE is a growing demand for more information about the submarine danger which Ministers may find it difficult to resist

The weekly return of our merchant shipping losses are felt to be wholly misleading, and calculated therefore to lull the nation into a false sense of security. Apart from the fact that vessels are sometimes counted two or three times over in the list of ships entering and clearing our ports, the Admiralty's weekly return takes no account whatever of the losses the Germans are inflicting on neutral shipping.

It is intended, I understand, to raise the whole question when the House goes into secret session the week after next, which makes it almost certain that the sittings in camera will extend over two or three days.

Questions for Sir Edward Carson.

In the meantime notice has been given of a large number of questions dealing with the subject. Sir Edward Carson will be pressed when the House reassembles to give the number of enemy submarines destroyed.

The suggestion will also be made that ships arriving at any port in Great Britain or Ireland shall discharge at that port, even though it is not the vessel's usual destination.

Commander Bellairs, too, has given notice of a motion urging the establishment of a separate submarine staff at the Admiralty, which would be free from all administrative work.

Scenes at the "Blighty" Trains

There are tears as well as laughter amongst the crowds that now pour out of the trains carrying the troops home on leave from the front.

The boys, with their trench helmets slung on their backs, are merry enough on finding themselves back in London once more. They no longer come home smeared in mud from foot to waist, but their dust-covered uniforms speak eloquently of the drying up of the ground on the Western front. No one can help noticing the dents in their trench helmets, and no better proof could be desired of the protection they afford to the soldiers' heads.

But mingled with the soldiers on what is known as the "Blighty" train are pathetic little groups of women. They have been out to the hospitals to pay a last visit to wounded husbands or sons. Most of them rush off to France at short notice with nothing more than the clothes they stand up in.

No one can mistake the nature of the errand which has taken them across the Channel, for there are few of them who do not break down at the ticket barrier when they find watching relatives awaiting them. The scene brings home to you more poignantly even than the crowds of wounded in the streets the tragedies that war brings in its train.

Will Riding in the Row Go?

It looks as though the park hack as well as the racehorse is to come under the ban of those who argue that oats ought now to be preserved for human consumption. The horses that are taken out for their daily canter in the Row are certainly not as important to the breeding industry as the racing thorough-bred, but it may be safely asserted that they have more friends in Parliament.

Ministers have little time in these days to take a morning airing in the Row even if they had inclinations that way, and Mr Lloyd George, I believe, has never been astride a saddle in his life.

But a good many M.P.s and their daughters are still seen out in the park mingling with army officers in all the uniforms of the Allies. Sir F. E. Smith is more or less a regular habitue, and often rides with Mr Winston Churchill.

The great days of the park, when all the leading figures of politics and society met and gossiped, have gone, probably never to return. Lord Ribblesdale and Lord Chaplin represented the last of the old guard, which included, amongst others, the late Lord Spencer, who never by any chance missed his morning ride in the Row when he was in London.

The King has been seen very little in the park since he met with his accident in France.

"A. J. B.'s" Game with the President.

People are speculating whether Mr Balfour or President Wilson will win the golf match which appears to have been arranged between them. I am inclined to back Mr Balfour, though I believe, like many other enthusiastic golfers, he has hardly handled a club since the war began.

Though he plays on a handicap of twelve, Mr Balfour is a very steady player. If his shots do not always come off, it is not because he does not know how they ought to be played. He is, moreover, every bit as canny on the golf links as on the floor of the House of Commons.

I remember being drawn to play against him once in the Parliamentary golf handicap. Mr Balfour had the advantage of knowing the links intimately, and at one hole he advised me to go forward and take a look at the green before playing the shot. As a result the writer put his ball into a yawning bunker that he would never have played into if he had remained in ignorance of its existence.

But Mr Balfour's advice was good. "It's always well," he said, "to know what is in front of you before you play your shot." Mr Balfour has carried out that maxim in other affairs than those of golf.

THE GOOD OLD NELSON TOUCH.

IMMORTAL EXPLOITS OF THE SWIFT AND THE BROKE.

BY MAURICE PRENDERGAST.

London, Saturday Night.

LUCK plays an important part in all branches of sea warfare. A chance shot, striking in one fortunate place, has decided the issue of one modern naval battle. Those upon whom the gods smile would not barter their good fortune for a squadron of brand new Super-Dreadnoughts. For luck serves you at all times and seasons, in all situations, whereas Super-Dreadnoughts can only be in one place at a time; they may, unhappily, be leagues away when you have most need of them.

Conning our own luck in the course of this war, we have had fairly equal shares of the good and the bad at sea. In dealing with the Zeebrugge raiders, the fates have long been hostile to ourselves. But since the beginning of 1917, we have experienced a little better fortune in dealing with the raiding sections of the German Home Fleet, based on the Belgian Coast.

On the night of January 23 we got to grips with the Zeebrugge flotillas off the Schouwen Bank, sinking one enemy boat, and severely damaging others, including V69. Strong aero-naval raids on the Belgian Coast filled in the next ten weeks or so, the most successful attempt being that of April 7-8. The German torpedo craft in Zeebrugge were bombed out of the harbour into the open sea, where one, or possibly two, of their number fell victims to our submarines.

On Saturday last the Admiralty gave us the further good news that a German destroyer raid on Dover had been smashed up, with marked loss to the enemy, two or three of the German torpedo craft being sunk. This affair took place on the night of the 20th-21st, and was followed up by our seaplane attack, again made on the Zeebrugge flotillas, on the 23d. Five hostile units were sighted by our reconnaissance 'planes and attacked by the bomb-carrying machines. One German destroyer was hit. Later, only four boats were seen to enter Zeebrugge by the air scouts. "It is considered most probable," says the Admiralty report, "that one destroyer was sunk."

Since the commencement of the present year we have certainly sunk four vessels of the Zeebrugge flotillas, while there are good grounds for believing that four to six further craft have been put down for good, making a conjectured total of eight to ten. So we can turn our thumbs up, touch wood, and fervently hope the luck is going to hold up.

Hammer and Tongs—The British Way.

The present Admiralty Board is not averse to judicious publicity on the navy's share in the war. General satisfaction and pleasure is expressed at the Admiralty's choice in placing the description of the Dover fight in the hands of a competent narrator. The extended account of that action, which appeared in our papers on Thursday morning, is so splendid a story, one hesitates to overload it with further comment, for fear of crushing its pristine brilliance and interest. The hand-to-hand fight on the fo'c'sle of the Broke reads like one of Marryat's stories of sea fighting in Nelson's days. It is not ten years since boarding pikes were abolished from the equipment of British warships. Ramming, too, was thought almost to be an obsolete form of warfare, but ramming tactics played a large part in the Dover night action.

The British Navy still believes in the good old method of going for the enemy, hammer and tongs. The German sailors who invaded the Broke went back the same way as they came—over the side—with the exception of two more astute Boches who, by playing 'possum and feigning death, managed to get themselves made prisoners.

The story of the fight has been so admirably told, imitation or recapitulation of the narrative would be unwelcome. Only on one point do I think that the Admiralty's extended description requires an attempt at elucidation, and that is on the fate of the hostile boats. Adhering to the system of describing the enemy boats by their numbers in the line, their several fortunes seem to have fallen out in the following manner:—

No. 1—Pursued by Swift, but escaped.
No. 2—Torpedoed by Broke.
No. 3—Rammed amidships at full speed by Broke, engaged with all guns bearing, broke away, and seen to sink by Swift.
No. 4 or No. 2?—Possibly torpedoed by Swift and set on fire; shelled and again torpedoed by Broke and seen to sink.
No. 5—Torpedoed on stem by Broke.
No. 6—Escaped.

After cutting through the enemy's line between No. 1 and No. 2 boats Swift fired a torpedo, which struck "another boat in the line," but which boat is uncertain; probably it was either No. 2, No. 3, or No. 4. Broke, after getting clear of No. 3, came across a German destroyer badly on fire. This boat may have had her oil tanks set alight by torpedo explosion. The burning enemy unit may have been the one torpedoed by Swift, or the No. 2, nearly torpedoed by Broke, just before she swerved to ram No. 3. In any case two hostile vessels sank, and were seen to sink, while a third almost certainly foundered. I "hae ma doots" about the survival of No. 5. Breached in the bows by Broke's torpedo, and travelling at full speed, the terrific inrush of water would probably burst in all her thin forward bulkheads, and No. 5 may have retired to some dark spot to sink by the bows.

Kamerad Cry.

This five minutes' fight between two British and six German destroyers again demonstrates the fact that British crews and British ships are the masters of the enemy, even against odds of two to one. We can generously credit the German seamen with some bravery. The boarding of the Broke was decidedly intrepid. Yet the enemy could not resist the temptation of tarnishing his courage by treachery. Broke was made the subject of a "white flag" betrayal, but she rightly made the enemy pay for his infamous conduct.

The humorous touch is supplied by the crew of the German T.B.D., whom the wondering Swift found singing the great "Kamerad" chorus. The spectacle of German sailors bawling in unison "Un zwei!" ("We surrender!") "Un zwei!" ("We surrender!") into the night until someone came to investigate the uproar, leaves us puzzled over the moral fibre of the Hun "matlots." Certainly so ludicrous and disgraceful a thing could not occur in our fleet, I think.

Compare the Shark at Jutland, which went down under a tornado of fire, with her few surviving men cheering to the last. Or compare the attack of the Nomad, Nestor, and Narborough, on the same day, against the van of the whole German Battle Fleet, a deed as great as Grenville's famous fight with the little Revenge against the armada of Spanish galleons.

The German Lie Factory.

One would almost think we were inured to the brilliant fantasias of mendacity produced by the German official reports, but we always get a surprise. Age cannot wither nor custom stale the Huns' power of artistic invention. In power of design, in mastery of detail, in technique, colour, and atmosphere, the German as a liar takes the bun, the biscuit, the bakery, and the whole confectionery trade. In describing the Dover fight the Berlin Naval Staff opened up with a praiseworthy but undistinguished farrago of untruthfulness, which wound up with the announcement that the crew of a "British merchantman" had been captured. The "merchantman" turned out to be the barge Ivernia, so all canal boats must be rated as Cunarders in the Wilhelmstrasse.

Feeling they had not risen to the highest calling of their noble art, the Berlin Staff launched upon the world a masterpiece of mendacity, to check the degrading idea that two British destroyers could beat up five German boats. So three more British destroyers were brought into existence—on paper. Which is, perhaps, the most harmless form of naval warfare the Hun can indulge his frightful instinct upon without outraging the nerves and temper of civilisation.

Just a Hint.

Commander Gordon Campbell, D.S.O., was mentioned again recently, with other naval recipients of war honours, in the London Gazette, in connection with his award of the V.C. How he won this great distinction is still a mystery, and the official explanation, "conspicuous gallantry, consummate coolness, and skill in command of one of H.M. ships in action," leaves us no wiser than before. But if you invited me to guess, I would say it had something to do with the torpedoing of two German Dreadnoughts of the Kaiser class off the western Danish coast by a British submarine last November

The hand of nearly every man is now against the Censor, and when this war ends the journalists will gird up their loins and smite the minions of the censorship to the dust. In which affray I hope to take some small part in the ranks of the just, leaving you to guess which side will be armed with wrath and righteousness. But for the present I will project this little barb against the copy-botchers, clad in official armour-plate. A friend of mine, connected with the organisation of the Russian munition steamers, received an ultimatissimum from the Censor demanding instant explanation of an unintelligible telegram. The said telegram certainly did look like a dog fight in the middle of the alphabet, and the official attitude towards it was, "I am Hawkshaw, the detective!" It was darkly hinted that the Defence of the Realm Act was being mobilised, horse, foot and guns, for a criminal prosecution.

My friend sent back the telegram with a polite note, a very polite note, indeed, pointing out that if there was anybody in the Censor's office capable of understanding Russian, it would be realised that the suspected wire was merely a New Year's greeting to the captain of one of the Russian munition steamers from his "missus" living in Odessa. Since then the rampant Censor will now come and feed out of your hand.

PLAY YOUR PART IN FIGHTING THE U BOAT.

The situation is serious, so remember that every time you sit down to a meal you fight the U boats. We have to help Sir John Jellicoe, Sir David Beatty, and the men afloat to down the pirates, but with this difference, those afloat give orders or execute orders given, while we are merely asked to observe food regulations. So bear a hand and help our navy, for look what the navy has done for you!

HERO OF CHANNEL FIGHT.

MIDDY'S DEATH GRAPPLE WITH BURLY HUN.

DONALD GYLES' CAREER OF ADVENTURE.

(Exclusive to "The Post Sunday Special.")

London, Saturday.

The hero of the Channel fight, Midshipman Donald A. Gyles, the lad of nineteen who held at bay the mob of Germans who boarded the Broke, has Scottish blood in his veins. His mother, who resides at 114 Muswell Avenue, Muswell Hill, is a Scotswoman, and as she remarked to a "Post Sunday Special" representative, "he has proved himself worthy of his Highland ancestry."

His father, who had just returned from visiting his son in hospital at Deal, told me that Donald was in excellent spirits. The operation on his eye had been completely successful.

'Dad," he said, as he told his father of his adventures, "I shall never forget this experience. It was rotten luck to get knocked out a few moments after the fun started. A bit of shrapnel struck me underneath the eye and immediately the blood came. I suffered a bit of pain, but there was no time to bother about bandages, as I had my job to do.

Something Wrong.

"The fire from the Germans was pretty heavy throughout, and they gave the Broke a hot five minutes. Suddenly I saw that the bridge was aflame and ran towards it, but at the same moment the shooting from our guns sounded queer. I thought there was something wrong, so I went to the port gun and saw two or three of my pals either dead or dying. Instantly I helped to load the gun, determined to pay the Germans back for what they had done to our boys.

"A few moments later we were locked with one of the rammed enemy destroyers. I stuck to the gun until I noticed the Germans from the damaged ship trying to climbe into the Broke. They were all excited, and shouting words that I couldn't understand. Then one of them rushed up to me. I had a revolver in my hand, so I pointed it at him. The Hun made a desperate effort to take the weapon from me, and we wrestled on the deck while the guns pounded away.

"Seaman Ingleson came to my rescue, and quick as lightning gave the big Hun (he was a burly looking fellow) the cold steel. He flopped over the side of the deck, and thoroughly deserved his fate.

"It was all very thrilling while it lasted, but our fellows were on top every time, though some of the Germans didn't put up a bad fight."

Coming to Glasgow.

When he recovers Mrs Gyles hopes to take her hero son to Glasgow, where he has many friends.

All his days—and they are not numerous—Midshipman Gyles has been keen on the sea. "His one desire as a wee mite," said his mother, "was to be a sailor. So on leaving Owen's School at Islington his father and I decided to let him follow his heart's desire.

"He entered the White Star Line as a cadet, and made his first voyage in the sailing ship Mersey. It was a long voyage, which took him all round the world, and he came back more in love with the sea than ever. He had been at sea nearly two years when he was nominated to a battleship for training as a Naval Reserve officer, and had only just joined that ship when war broke out. After that we saw very little of him.

"Donald has had plenty of thrilling adventures, but there is nothing he dislikes so much as being made a hero of. He went all through the Dardanelles campaign, and although he suffered most terrible hardships, I never once heard of his complaining. He was in charge of one of the boats from which the Australian troops landed at Gaba Tepe.

"Despite the fact that at that landing he received two wounds, we heard from his superior officer that he refused point blank to leave his post until the men were ashore. For some time he was in hospital, but he returned to his ship as soon as his wounds were healed, and we had a letter from him saying he was glad to be back afloat again. 'It's so tame in hospital,' he wrote.

The Germans Caught At Last.

"The affair which took place on Friday night is not the first destroyer action in the Channel in which he has taken part, for he was in the engagement which followed the previous raid, although he spoke with regret of the fact that our ships were not able to catch the Germans. 'They don't wait a second,' he said. 'No sooner do they smell us than they are off. Still, we'll get them one of these days, and then they shall have more than they want."

GOOD OLD NELSON TOUCH—Contd.

There are worse things than this to be told, but the time has not come yet for full revelation.

Huns' Special Effort.

The mercantile losses announced this week by the Admiralty are undoubtedly grave; it would be foolish to try and explain away their severity. But I incline to the view the Germans have put forth a special and exceptional effort solely for the sake of distracting public attention in Germany from the situation on the Western front.

The German military authorities have been making garrulous and almost tearful appeals to their populace, imploring the public to keep calm and "trust in Hindenburg." It would only be natural for them to make an appeal, or rather order, to the Naval Staff to make some special effort in the piracy line. Possibly all submarines have been called out of the Baltic to intensify the effort against our shipping.

LATEST COMMENTS FROM THE WORLD'S PRESS.

Fateful Days Ahead.

According to German calculations, the next two months hold the crisis of the war. —The Nation.

One Line Affects Another.

If the Hindenburg line breaks, the Hohenzollern line will begin to sag a bit, too. —Ottawa Citizen.

The Super-Liars.

The Kaiser's despatch-writers are deliberate and clumsy liars, who lie for lying's sake. —Liverpool Post.

The Ploughing That Preserves.

England's belated agricultural propaganda may be made successful by ploughing the seas night and day.—Washington Post.

Bogey Men.

Mr Balfour has challenged President Wilson to a golf match. Can't we send Colonel Bogey to challenge the Kaiser?—London Star.

Brand Them.

We must regard Germany as a leper settlement, and every German as unclean. They richly deserve to be branded.—Weekly News.

Who is the Best Patriot?

He who wants his country to come out of this just war with the cleanest possible hands and the fewest possible deeds to regret.—New Statesman.

Democracy's Salvation.

It is the salvation of the British democracy in its hour of trial that the overseas Empire has been a training ground for Imperial statesmen.—Melbourne Express.

The Courageous Hun—On Paper.

A German, though he be half-famished, fears not to encounter the beef-fed, jam-reeking Englishman, and to clutch him by his lying throat!—Norddeutsche Zeitung.

More "Tight-Wads" Needed.

The truth is, we need more tight-wads. We need more men and women who can say No to the foolish and unnecessary expenditure, and mean it.—Detroit Free Press.

Decapitate!

There is talk in Germany of democratising the Hohenzollerns or "clipping their wings." The place to clip the Hohenzollerns' wings is just back of their ears.—Montreal Star.

Mere Man's Cunning.

The franchise in Britain is to be restricted to women of thirty and over. This is a cunning masculine device. There are no women over twenty-nine.—Toronto Globe.

The Secret Session Farce.

Secret sessions waste valuable time without any recompense either to legislators or to the public they represent. To transact the nation's business in secret is to insult the electors.—Dundee Courier.

Unbusinesslike Business.

This Government has specialised in business men; has given mere business men more power than they ever had before; and the result is that things are much more unbusinesslike than they ever were before.—New Witness.

Ruin.

Naval power rests on economic power. One Power after another has declared against Germany, and each declaration has involved in ruin the economic structure upon which German sea power is based.—Naval and Military Record.

Harry the Wasps' Nests.

The submarines will have to be met, like every other form of naval offensive, by as appropriate and drastic counter-offensive, and this in the end must be the destruction of the enemy bases—i.e., of the wasps' nests. —Spectator.

Political Business as Usual!

During the past week, while Belgium is still unredeemed, the Government has been immersed in the bog of Ireland, liquor control, purchase, prohibition, the vote for men or for women, social reform, land reform, feudalism—in short, political business as usual.—Outlook.

A Flash in the Pan.

(On the increasing madness of Pan-Germania.)

With what we may term an
Irrational ire,
The frying pan-German
Is courting the fire.

—Daily Chronicle.

Can Either be Abolished?

If war between nations is indefensible in any conditions and should be—can be—abolished for ever, then it may very fairly be argued that war between individuals is indefensible and should be abolished. Our own belief is that neither can be abolished. —Saturday Review.

The Imponderables.

The frightfulness designed to strike dismay into all our souls only stimulates in us "the will to conquer." One is reminded again of Bismarck's memorable warning to his countrymen about "the imponderables"—the moral forces in mankind, which are stronger than all the Statesmen and War Lords.—Truth.

ALLIES' PLANS FOR CLEAN BREAK THROUGH.

DESTROYING GERMANY'S RESERVES IN WAR'S FIERCEST BATTLES.

BY GUY L'ESTRANGE.

(OVER "POST" SPECIAL WIRE.)

London, Saturday Night.

THERE has been nothing of the spectacular about the struggle on the Western front during the last few days. It has been hard, grim fighting, in which progress on the British front has again been measured by yards rather than miles.

Yet, slow though the progress has been, the policy which Sir Douglas Haig is pursuing is a policy destined to lay the foundation of ultimate triumph for the Allies. Von Hindenburg is using up his reserves at what for him must be an alarming rate. It is not from choice but from sheer necessity that he continues to throw fresh divisions into the furnace in front of Arras.

Until the defences of the Drocourt-Queant line have been completed he must at what ever price hold up the British advance.

The fighting in front of Gavrelle has been amongst the fiercest that the war has yet witnessed. Sir Douglas Haig, who is not given to exaggeration, speaks of thousands of German dead lying on the ground which we now occupy.

Mr Lloyd George speaking in the City on Friday, asserted that the best test of victory was to be found in the number of prisoners and guns taken. In the light of what is now happening on the Arras front, this opinion of the Prime Minister's must be accepted with some reservation. The number of prisoners and even of guns is not infrequently determined by the quality of the troops opposing you.

The weight of your artillery fire counts for a great deal, but all accounts agree that some of the German troops surrender much more readily than others. It is agreed, for instance, that the Germans are now putting up a much stiffer fight east of Arras than they did during the earlier days of the offensive. It is said that Von Hindenburg has passed round the order that the troops are to hold on to the ground they hold or die where they stand.

But the issue of orders does not determine matters of this kind.

The real explanation of the fierceness and valour with which the Germans have counter-attacked along the valley of the Scarpe is to be found in the fact that Von Hindenburg is now throwing his picked troops into the fight. There is evidence, moreover, that these picked troops are drawn from the reserves with which Von Hindenburg hoped to be able once more to wrest the offensive from the Allies.

The exact extent to which he has used up his reserves is not known, or if known has not at least been made public. But whatever may have been the forces employed, they have represented the cream of the German Army, and the frightful losses they have sustained means the serious blunting of the weapon Von Hindenburg had forged for an offensive on one front or another.

When a Break-Through Can be Looked For.

Whether the Germans will be able to complete the Drocourt-Queant line before we get to grips with this new position is a question on which it is useless to speculate. But in any case two material results have already been achieved by the great offensive. Von Hindenburg, as already stated, has been compelled to draw upon his reserves for purposes for which that reserve was never intended. Furthermore, the German retirement on to the Hirson-Valenciennes-Mezieres line, or whatever other front Von Hindenburg had determined to take up, has been dramatically and decisively stopped.

Von Hindenburg dare not continue his retirement now, because both his flanks are threatened. The initiative has passed completely from his hands, and his dispositions are not controlled by himself, but by the Allies. This in itself is a great victory, which may conceivably yet justify the opinion long entertained by many military men that the decision of the war will be taken on very much the ground on which the opposing armies now stand. If that should prove to be so there is certainly no occasion for any despondency, because the fighting has reverted to a stationary character.

The enemy's official communiques invite the German people to regard every Allied victory as a defeat, because it has not effected a break through. No one on the Allied side ever expected that there would be a break through thus early in the great offensive. Germany's great military power cannot be crumpled up in a day, a week, or a month. What Sir Douglas Haig and General Neville are striving to effect now is such a weakening of the German military machine that it will no longer be able to sustain the strain that will be imposed on it later in the summer, when Von Hindenburg will find himself attacked not on one but on several fronts at once. Then, and not till then is a clean break through to be looked for. If it comes earlier it will be because we have erred on the right side, and over-estimated the enemy's military strength.

In the meantime we continue to assert supremacy over the enemy, not only in the morale of our troops, but in their munitionment. As regards the latter, some remarkable figures were given in the House of Commons on Friday. Our expenditure of shells of six-inch and upwards in the first week of the recent offensive was nearly twice that of the first week in the Somme battle, whilst the expenditure of gun ammunition during the second week was actually 28 per cent. heavier than during the first week.

This, as was pointed out in Parliament, was in marked contrast to what occurred on the Somme, when, partly owing to inadequate railways behind the line, the intense bombardment of the first week was never again reached.

German Admissions.

We are justified in assuming that the progress Sir Douglas Haig is making is "according to plans." We had direct evidence of this on the contradiction the authorities thought it necessary to issue to certain statements in the German Wireless reports.

According to this statement sent out by the War Office, Sir Douglas Haig on resuming his offensive set out to secure certain important positions, the capture of which was essential to our further advance. These positions we won, though they were not obtained without fighting of almost unparalleled severity.

We are now getting to grips with the famous Hindenburg line. From all accounts the positions here are stronger than we were led to suppose. But the line has been hastily improvised, and the correspondents at the front, whose information on this point may presumably be relied on, are all agreed that in some of its sectors the defensive works are as yet incomplete.

For this knowledge we have our flying men to thank, and everyone is agreed that the work of the Flying Corps on the Arras front has been beyond all praise. In order to provide for the completion of his new defensive line, Von Hindenburg has been compelled to make sacrifices, and throw in reserves to an extent which would certainly not have been justified in any other circumstances than those of vital necessity.

According to the enemy's own statement there has been thrown into the recent battles regiments "from almost every German district between the sea and the Alps."

This is a significant admission, and confirms the impression that Von Hindenburg has been forced to call for reinforcements from the great strategic reserve of which we have heard so much, and which it was commonly supposed was destined for a great offensive on one or other of the fighting fronts.

The Enemy Worried.

The efforts of the German Headquarters to represent every new phase of the fighting as a defeat for the Allies is regarded by our War Office as "the most encouraging indication we have yet had of the state of mind of the German Army and people, and of the anxiety with which the German Headquarters regard the situation."

Whether our authorities are quite justified in taking this view is a matter on which there is some difference of opinion. Many people are inclined to think that the undoubted misrepresentation contained in the German official communiques are attributable not so much to excitement amongst the generals at the front as to the unsettled condition of affairs in some of the German towns.

That there have been serious strikes amongst the munition workers, consequent on the reduction of the food rations, is undoubted, and there is much in some of these German communiques which is quite obviously designed to make an appeal to the patriotism of the German civilian classes at home.

To illustrate this it is not necessary to do more than pick out one single sentence—a sentence that is almost reminiscent of Nelson's famous signal at Trafalgar. The munition workers and others are reminded that "every German, man or woman, peasant or labourer, who has put himself in the service of the Fatherland and devoted his energy to the provisioning of the Army has his special share in the successes of recent battles. The German soldier at the front knows that every man and woman at home is doing his or her duty, and is working unceasingly in order to support him out there in the turmoil of the battle for life or death, for existence or non-existence.

You do not look for appeals of this kind in despatches from headquarters unless there is a very strong motive behind.

The Simultaneous Offensive.

The real test of Germany's resources will come in a few weeks' time, when the drying up of the grounds in the East permits of simultaneous offensives by all the Allies.

Then, indeed, Germany will be in the death grapple. The reorganisation of the Russian Army is being carried out with feverish energy, and when Von Hindenburg, in addition to his commitments on the West line, has to bethink himself also of his Russian front, his Roumanian front, his Salonika front, and his Italian front, people will begin to realise more clearly than they do at present that the desperate fighting now in progress in France is fighting which may prove decisive of the whole war.

Letters from the front suggest that the soldiers hope and believe that the war will be over by the autumn. But it is very difficult to determine the staying power of the enemy. So many factors, at present vague and indeterminate, enter into the problem that no responsible individual nowadays shows any disposition to commit himself to any prediction about the probable duration of the war.

The fight must go on until the Germans are beaten, and know that they are beaten, and, judging from the communiques which are being sent out, the authorities at Berlin are determined, as long as they can, to keep the public in ignorance of the actual position.

THE STRIKERS OF BERLIN.

300,000 "UNPATRIOTIC" HUNS.

WHAT THE GERMAN PRESS IS SAYING.

The German papers just received in this country contain some very interesting accounts of the strikes of the Socialist munition workers in Berlin. Tried beyond endurance by the renewed reduction of the bread supply and various other grievances, among them the calling up by the military of one of their favourite fellow-workers whom they considered medically unfit, they decided to strike.

Berlin, of course, tries to make light of the whole affair, but a strike of three hundred thousand munition workers during almost three days can, of course, not remain without serious results. The Berliner Tageblatt says:—"It is indeed very much to be deplored that our workmen are unpatriotic enough to strike at such a time as this, when every hour of idleness in our munition factories gives the enemy an added advantage." Here are extracts from the Tageblatt's report:—

As has been expected for some days, a large number of metal factories went on strike this morning. Yesterday (Sunday) the heads of the Metal Workers' Union held a meeting, at which it was decided to strike and hold mass meetings. This strike included only a part of the munition factories. In Spanday the work was continued as usual.

In the factories the workmen and women appeared as usual in the early morning, but after the breakfast interval the strike began. It is not true that the members of the railway and tramway staff joined the strikers, for the very valuable concessions as regards food rations made during the last week have had a beneficial effect among the latter. At nine o'clock mass meetings were held in large halls and also in the open air. The speakers discussed the food question, and then naturally turned to political matters and to the peace problem.

Women were very numerous among the strikers, and after the meetings had broken up processions were formed, which made for the centre of the town. The streets leading to Unter Den Linden were blocked for everyday traffic, but Friedrichstrasse remained open. In the Tiergarten large crowds assembled, and at half-past one o'clock Unter Den Linden was guarded by the police.

Quiet Demonstrations.

The demonstrations were of a very quiet nature. The strikers carried no flags, nor did they shout, and the police wisely kept very much in the background, allowing the strikers to go their own way. On the second day of the strike at midday thousands of strikers assembled before the hall, where the workmen's committee were discussing the strikers' demands with the Government officials. The questions were not settled until after 4 p.m., when the leader of the meeting appeared, and declared to the waiting crowd that the strike in which three hundred thousand workmen had taken part had not been in vain.

The Government had decided to guarantee the former food supply, and the State Secretary of Communal Affairs handed the Workmen's Committee a written statement to that effect. The other grievances were also to be looked into. The speaker then praised the Under-State Secretary Michaelis as a humane man, but referred to Batocki as an "arch Junker."

"Democratic" Food Policy.

The Frankfurter Zeitung is of the opinion that "the workmen have received far-reaching concessions, especially in view of the fact that their own representatives have a say in the control of the food. The Government has decided to play with the cards on the table and to allow the workmen to convince themselves of the state of affairs of the national food supply. You can thus say without exaggeration that our food policy has become democratic. This trust which the Government has shown to the workmen must make a very good impression on the nation."

The Leipziger Neueste Nachrichten reports that, owing to the serious food shortage in Germany, the Government have forbidden the sending of parcels of foodstuffs to the soldiers at the front. "The troops are being adequately fed, and do not need any further provisions. The Fatherland is restricted to the barest necessities, and every pound of food is precious."

NAIRN SKIPPER HONOURED.

Skipper David Wallace, R.N.R., son of Mr Alex. Wallace, Society Street, Nairn, was the other day presented by His Majesty King George at Buckingham Palace with the Distinguished Service Cross in recognition of his meritorious service somewhere in the North Sea. Skipper Wallace was one of the first Nairn fishermen to join the R.N.R. when war broke out.

GERMANY'S FORLORN HOPE—INVASION.

WHY HINDENBURG MAY ATTEMPT A BLOW AT THE HEART OF BRITAIN.

BY EDGAR WALLACE.

(EXCLUSIVE TO "THE POST SUNDAY SPECIAL.")

Mr Edgar Wallace.

WILL Great Britain be invaded? Lord French, who knows much more about the German mind, and who has great opportunities for discovering facts at first hand through his Intelligence Department when he was in France, believes that such an invasion may be attempted, and, therefore, it is absurd for any civilian, however close a student he may be of war and its possibilities, to say that such a development of the German plan is impossible, and especially in the present circumstances, when the situation of the enemy is desperate indeed.

First of all, then, let us discover whether it is possible to land a considerable force in Great Britain, and to get a clear idea of that question it is necessary to remove from our minds the idea that the Grand Fleet is "guarding our shore" in the sense that it is ready to go straight for the enemy's convoys as soon as they are reported to be on their way to Britain.

The function of the British Navy is the destruction of the German Navy. Incidentally by its very presence, and by the fact that it supports the existence of a swarm of small craft which patrol our coasts, the Navy does offer an obstacle, because Sir David Beatty's first task is the destruction of his enemy, and his enemy is the German High Sea Fleet.

If that great fleet under Von Scheer came out and attempted to approach our coasts, we may be sure that our Grand Fleet would immediately come into action, and would move in that direction where Von Scheer had been reported, but the news that fifty or sixty transports had appeared one morning off our coasts, and had run themselves ashore upon some shelving beach, and had disgorged thousands and tens of thousands of German soldiers, would not affect the strategical positions of the Grand Fleet, because there are special squadrons detailed for the naval work which would necessarily follow the appearance of the invader.

So all reasoning men agree with Lord French that an invasion is possible—first, because of the enemy's willingness to sacrifice transports; secondly, because the Grand Fleet cannot be diverted from its principal business—the destruction of the German Fleet; and, thirdly, because the enemy, knowing he was committing suicide, would not be governed by those circumstances of caution and the elaborate organisation of communications which would be a necessary accompaniment of a military operation of the conventional type.

Where a Landing Would be

Where would that landing be?

It would be in England. It would not be in Scotland, for this very good reason — that an attack of this character would not have a military, but a purely political, object. It would be designed as the Zeppelin raids were designed—to strike terror into the heart of England, and from the German point of view to be successful such a raid must be within marching distance of London.

This is a point to be borne in mind, because if such a raid occurred it would be intended to threaten London, and if it failed to constitute such a threat it would not be worth the men and the material which the German must sacrifice to bring the result he desires. A raid on Scotland has another disadvantage, which Scotsmen will realise for themselves. The German believes that the main British Fleet is concentrated in the North. He may be right or he may be wrong.

There might come a time when the German Higher Command said—"There is nothing we can do now. We are beaten, and Britain is responsible. The only outside chance we have is that we can raid London with a large force. If we could get a firm foothold in England we might so impress the British Government that it agreed to our reasonable peace terms."

In that event some such raid might be attempted under cover of a dash made by the German Fleet. Such a force would be compact. It would bring its own artillery, its own munitions, its own supplies. If it could by great good luck seize any important food supply so much the better, but in all probability its principal effort would be in the direction of terrorisation.

All that the German did in France in his retirement, and in Belgium in his advance, would be repeated here on a more terrible scale. The atrocities of Belgium would be as nothing to the atrocities in England, because he would be out to secure his result by the exercise of the terror he inspired. We know that he would not endure for a week. We also know that we would be able to deal with him with the troops we have without moving a single soldier from France.

Let us imagine that the worst happens. That out of the mist one morning loom twenty great ships that head for some sandy beach and pile themselves up on that beach at a moment when the tide is at its highest, so that the receding tide shall leave them high and dry. We will imagine that the infantry and the artillery and the armoured cars, or whatever is brought over in lieu of cavalry (for obviously the transportation of cavalry would be very difficult) have been got ashore. Strong patrols have been pushed in, and the enemy's seaplanes are reconnoitring ahead. Certain railway lines have been bombed and positions, already decided upon in advance, have been seized and consolidated. Incidentally, as is quite likely, the enemy may have taken one or two small towns and a score of villages.

What steps we should take it is not necessary to say. How far we should allow him inland would be for the commanding general to decide, but rest assured as to this, that he would come so far as, and no farther than, we wished, and the positions on which he would be defeated. It would probably be a defeat more bloody than any he has yet sustained. In the meantime he would indeed be fortunate if his transports remained intact. I am not, as I say, in a position to forecast what steps the Commander-in-Chief of the forces would take to deal with such a "diversion," but I can assure any nervous reader that within twelve hours the invader would find himself within a steel ring from which there would be no escape.

Hindenburg's Threat.

Now let us examine the military situation as Germany finds it, in order that we may judge whether the enemy can spare even the elements of a small force on the off chance of producing an effect which will assist him to formulate terms of peace to his own advantage. Von Hindenburg is at this moment engaged in meeting the most terrible attack which the German has ever confronted. You cannot compare it to any offensive which has been delivered in the course of the war. On the southern portion of the Western front two million men are in line. On the northern portion another two millions are engaged in a fifty mile battle from Lens to the south of St Quentin.

Even the veriest tyro knows that the question as to whether Germany will win or lose this war will be decided on the Western front, and therefore Von Hindenburg must at all costs prevent a defeat on that front. He must, as the Kaiser once threatened to do "mobilise the cats and dogs" to hold off an unfavourable decision in the West, and at a moment when the question of 50,000 men may make all the difference between defeat and stalemate, Von Hindenburg is not going to commit that number of good troops to any mad-brained adventure or take a chance for the sake of securing an advantage, the betting against his securing which would be about a hundred to one.

Yet his threat to Great Britain serves an excellent purpose, and even though he has no intention in the world of attempting to raid the southern country, he must continue his threats, because he is compelling us to keep in England and Scotland a large number of troops who might be more favourably employed in France.

I have said that the navy would not guarantee that they could prevent an invasion. What they could, and would, guarantee would be that any force reaching here should be isolated from Germany. That would be a simple matter. The German himself—and by "the German" I mean the ruling German—has no doubt whatever in his mind as to the fate of such an expedition. It would be committed calmly and callously to destruction. The expedition would be accounted as lost before it had left the German shores, but if, with any kind of luck, those keels should slide along an English beach and those greycoats dig themselves into English soil, the sacrifice would be regarded as well worth the enterprise.

The German Dreams.

Think what a blow to English pride! There is no limitation to the dreams which come to the German when he contemplates an invasion, and it is quite possible that even Von Hindenburg might sacrifice something of his efficiency in the West in order to go out for a long shot at the very heart of his enemy's coalition.

There is another fact also to be borne in mind when considering the possibilities of invasion. I have said that it would be unlikely that Von Hindenburg at the crucial moment of the war would spare 50,000 good soldiers for a diversion which offered no chance of a military success, but if he had 50,000 men of the very poorest material, the very dregs of a final comb-out, he might argue that their employment in the line would constitute a greater danger than their absence, especially if he were in retreat, where his success in evading battle depended upon the discipline and the endurance of his soldiers.

In such an eventuality it is quite possible that he would detail his 50,000 crooks and weeds for some such mad adventure, because the advantage from his point of view which an invasion of these isles offered would lie in the fact that he does not require first-class troops.

If, in a last effort of desperation, the enemy should carry into effect his scheme, and if his flag should gain a temporary home on our soil, it will mark alike the high-water mark of his audacity and the site of the most thickly-populated German burial ground in these islands.

THE SECRET SUBMARINE

By RIDGWELL CULLUM.

An After the War Story Called by the Author "The Men Who Wrought."

"A head was thrust round the door—a square head with a shock of close-cut hair." (A scene from next week's instalment.)

Prince Stanislaus Hertzwohl, who perfected the German submarine, gives away the secret of a big submersible to

Ruxton Farlow, a young British Cabinet Minister. Farlow accepts the inventor's offer of a trip on board the constructed vessel, and is shown Germany's great secret arsenal at Borga. The Prince introduces Ruxton as his nephew, "Von Bersac," to Von Salzinger, the military governor of Borga.

Salzinger requests "Von Bersac" to submit himself to the customary examination. The Prince scorns Salzinger's authority, and leaves the arsenal.

Von Salzinger is sent on a private mission to London, and meets Vita, the Prince's daughter, with whom he is in love. Vita discovers that Von Salzinger suspects her father and Ruxton Farlow. Ruxton has induced his father and the Government to construct big submersibles according to the Prince's plans.

Finding that he is being kept under surveillance, the Prince makes his escape from Germany by submarine, and Ruxton takes him to the shelter of his father's home.

Vita is traced to Redwithy Farm by Von Salzinger and Von Berger. As she is sitting in the drawing-room she sees the two men enter, and exclaims—"Frederick von Berger! You!"

The Tiger Springs.

THE intruder displayed no interest or feeling at the manner of Vita's greeting. The lines of his face remained as stonily graven as chiselled marble.

"I am honoured that the Princess recognises me," he said, with a coldness that made his words an offence. "It will save explanation."

Then he came towards her and stood before the fire confronting her. His height matched hers, which left him only of medium height for a man.

"Your father has sold the secrets of Borga to—England. Now he has made good his escape to—England." Then without a sign, or gesture, or shadow of significance, he added—"So you see it was necessary to visit you here."

It was well-nigh an impossibility ever to fathom the thought which lay behind this man's spoken word. There was a directness and simplicity about him which was utterly confounding. Then there was that dreadful frigidity of eye and attitude.

Vita realised the impossibility at once. She made no attempt to guess at that which was in his mind. She contented herself with his admission of her father's escape. Without it terror alone would have remained. Instead, now, a wonderful calmness settled upon her. Maybe there was a touch of desperation in her calm. But there was still the assurance of her father's, at least, temporary security.

"It is not presumed, of course, that you are aware of these matters—yet. But it is well known to our agents that you are in touch with the Prince. Therefore it is probable on his arrival in England he will communicate with you. It is not our intention to permit you to thus incriminate yourself. All possibility of the Prince's communicating with you must be avoided, or you, a woman, will fall under the penalty of his crimes. You will prepare yourself at once to make a journey by road. You will leave this house at once, and remain away from it until the whole unpleasant affair has been settled to the satisfaction of Berlin. These are instructions direct to you from the authority of the land which still claims you subject."

Resentment was the dominant emotion the man's pronouncement stirred in Vita. His authority was unquestioned in her mind, but the manner of him was infuriating to her hot Polish blood. The moment his last word died out her reply came.

"Here, in England, I am commanded by German authority to abandon my home and go whithersoever it pleases you to conduct me. German authority in a country where German authority does not obtain. You trespass on my premises, admitted I do not know how. You dictate this absurd order to me, and expect me to obey it. This is not Prussia."

"Precisely, Princess. If this were Prussia there would be no discussion." It was the first shadow of threat the man had displayed. It was not in his tone. It lay in the keen, steely cold gleam of his eyes. "As for the authority," the man shrugged, "there is no corner in the world where a German subject exists that German authority does not obtain—for the German subject. If you have not yet realised this, then I beg you to do so at once. The method of enforcing that authority alone differs."

"I understand that. In England it is enforced by the methods such as any common criminal might adopt. For instance, the burglar who steals into private houses."

The biting sarcasm left Frederick von Berger quite undisturbed.

"The chief point is, it is, and will be, enforced," he observed coolly. "Will you be kind enough to prepare for that journey?"

"If I refuse?"

Von Berger shrugged

"You will still make it. The preparations will be made for you."

"By whom?"

"By your servants."

There was just the faintest flicker of the eyelids as the man assured her. There was no smile, and yet there was a change from the frigidity which had been so poignantly marked up to that moment

"My servants! Are they, too, bound to obey the mandates of Berlin in violation of the laws of free England?" Anger was getting the better of her resolve.

"They, too, are children of the Fatherland."

"Spies!"

The exclamation broke from the angry woman with fierce heat.

"Certain of them have their orders."

They stood eye to eye. The anger of the Princess flamed into the cold gaze of the man. There was no yielding in either at the moment.

"I refuse."

The words came full of desperate determination. But even as Vita pronounced them she felt their futility. Swiftly she cast about in her mind for a loophole of escape, but every avenue seemed to be closed. The house was isolated. It was attended by seven or eight servants, and bitterly she remembered that they all came from a country which yielded allegiance to Teutonic tyranny. Ruxton had been right.

"You are angry, and your common-sense is blinded by it," he said without emotion. "Were it not so you would see the absurdity of your refusal. I am not without means of enforcing authority. Listen. At the front door stands a powerful car. A closed car, which is fictitiously numbered. While we are talking your maid is packing for you. She has orders to prepare for you every luxury and comfort you are accustomed to require. This luggage will be placed in the car, and she will travel with you. If you persist in your refusal you will be dealt with. If you seek to call for aid you will be silenced. The servants in your house will not dare to raise a finger in your assistance. You will be conducted to a place already prepared to receive you. You will be treated with every courtesy your rank and sex entitle you to. And when these affairs are settled to suit Berlin you will be released. Do you still refuse?"

The recital of the conditions prevailing possessed a conviction that suggested the inevitability of Doom. Coming from another than Frederick von Berger she might have hoped. But this man — she shivered.

Her answer was delayed. Her eyes, searching vainly, swept over the room. Finally they encountered the square face of Von Salzinger. She had forgotten him. Her gaze was caught and held, and in a moment she realised that he was endeavouring to convey some meaning to her.

Its nature was obscure, but the expression of his usually hard face suggested sympathy and almost kindliness. Could it be that in the grinding machinery of Prussian tyranny she possessed one friend? She remembered Von Salzinger's protestations. She remembered that he had spoken of love to her. Love—what a mockery! But might she not hope for support from him? No, he was bound hand and foot. She dared hope for no open support. But——

Von Berger displayed the first sign of impatience. He withdrew his watch.

"I cannot delay," he said. "It is not my desire to use the force at my command. Being in England, and you being a woman, discussion has been permitted. You will now choose definitely, within one minute, whether you will submit to the orders of Berlin, or resist them. I am considering your convenience. It is immaterial to me which course you adopt."

He held the watch in the palm of his hand, and his eyes were bent upon its face, marking the progress of the second hand. The influence of his attitude was tremendous. He was a perfect master of the methods which he represented. No one could have observed him and failed to realise that here was a man who, with the same extraordinary callousness, could easily have stepped to the side of a fainting woman, and, without a qualm, have placed the muzzle of a revolver to her temple and blown her brains out, as had been done in Belgium.

Vita watched him, fascinated and terrified. The silent moments slipped away with the inevitability which no human power can stay.

Von Berger looked up. The measure of his eyes was coldly calculating.

"You have ten seconds," he said, and returned to his contemplation of the moving hand.

The strain was unendurable. Vita felt that she must scream. Her will was yielding before the moral terror this man inspired. There was no hope of help. No hope anywhere. The fire shook down, and she started, her nerves on edge. She glanced over at Von Salzinger. Instantly his features stirred to that meaning expression of sympathy. Now, however, it only revolted her, and, as though drawn by a magnet, her eyes came back to the bent head of Von Berger.

Simultaneously the man looked up and snapped his watch, closed and returned it to his pocket.

"Well?" he demanded, and the whole expression of him had changed.

Vita saw the tigerish light suddenly leap into his eyes. The man was transfigured. She warned herself he was no longer a man. She could only regard him as something in the nature of a human tiger.

"I will go," she said, in a voice rendered thick by her terror-parched throat.

"Ja wohl!"

Von Berger turned and signed to his confederate.

Bar-Leighton.

The face that gazed out at the driving October rain was one whose expression of unrelieved misery and hopelessness might well have melted a heart of flint. The wide, grey eyes had lost their languorous, melting delight, which had been replaced by one of driven desperation. Dark, unhealthy rings had sunk their way into the young surrounding flesh. They were the rings of sleeplessness, and an ominous indication of the mental attitude behind them. The oval of the cheeks had become pinched and pale, while the drooping lips added a pathos that must have been irresistible to a heart of human feeling.

Vita was a prisoner in the hands of men without scruple or mercy. At least one of them she knew could claim all and more than such words expressed. Of the other she was less convinced. In fact, it was the thought that he was, perhaps, simply under the control of the other which, she told herself, made sanity possible. But even so it was the vaguest, wildest hope, and only in the nature of a straw to which to cling in her desperation.

The window from which she looked out gave upon a wildly desolate scene. She was down deep, almost in the bowels of the earth, she admitted, and the rugged sides of the chasm, clad in a garment of dark conifers and leafless branches, rose up abruptly in every direction her window permitted her gaze to wander.

She had no understanding of where she was. The journey had been long. It had been swift, too, under the skilful driving of Frederick von Berger, beside whom Von Salzinger had travelled. She had a vague understanding that the moon had been shining somewhere behind the car most of the time. Therefore she had decided they were travelling westwards. Then had come the dawn, which had found them racing across a wide and desolate moorland, in a gale of wind and a deluge of driving rain, with dense mist of clouds filling to overflowing and sharp and narrow hollows which dropped away from the high level like bottomless pits of mystery and dread.

There had been nobody inside the car to question but her maid, Francella, and Vita had steadfastly denied herself any form of intercourse with the woman, under the certainty that she formed part of the Secret Service with which, all unknowingly, she had been surrounded.

Then had come a moment when her straining eyes, striving to penetrate the rain-streaming windows, had detected a distant view of a stretch of water. She had not been certain at first. But later she had detected the hazy outline of a steamboat upon it, with a long streaming smoke-line lying behind it. So she made up her mind it was the sea.

Even this, however, gave her no real clue to her whereabouts. For a moment she thought of Dartmoor, but later on she believed that that desolate wilderness was well inland.

Later again, all speculation had been yielded up under the painful interest of the moment. They were driving along the edge of a deep, mist-laden ravine. Vita had gazed down upon it in awed contemplation. It was narrow and precipitous. Then had happened something which made her shiver and clutch at the sides of the car. The driver had swung round a fierce hairpin bend in the road. The next moment the downward incline made her seek support lest she should slide from her seat. In a moment the car was swallowed up in the dense white fog of the ravine.

So she had come to her prison, which she learned accidentally was called Bar-Leighton. Whether the name applied to the house or to the locality she never knew. It was a big, rambling mansion, deep hidden in a close surrounding of trees, nor, as far as Vita could see, was the ravine occupied by any other habitation.

This was the second day of her imprisonment. It had been raining when she arrived. It was still raining. It looked as if it were likely to continue raining for a month. Vita had spent most of her time gazing out of the window. She was heart-broken and desperate.

She had no eyes for anything but the cheerless view beyond the window. Its attraction was small enough in its repellent austerity, but it represented freedom. It represented the life which was forbidden her. Somewhere out there beyond, miles and miles away, was the love of her life, maybe vainly seeking her. Somewhere out there all that made for her happiness in life lay beyond her reach.

The treatment meted out to her had been by no means hard so far. She occupied a suite of apartments unusually handsome and spacious. But they led from one into the other, and all the outer doors were securely locked. She had been handed over to a hard-faced matron of German nationality on her arrival, nor, from that moment, had she been permitted sight of either of her male captors.

It was this dreadful isolation, this suspense, which affected her. Was she to remain here indefinitely, ignorant of her father's movements, of all that might be happening to her lover, of the possible disaster to all those plans to which she had so completely lent herself? The thought was maddening. It was completely unbearable. She wanted to weep, to scream. But she did neither. She sat on in a window-seat in the splendid sitting-room, and gazed miserably out on the depressing aspect which thrust her lower and lower in the depths of despair.

If Vita had been permitted no further sight of her captors it was not because they had taken their departure from the precincts of the prison they had prepared for her. On the contrary. With the arrival of Prince von Berger at this retreat, hidden so deeply in the remoteness of some of the wildest of the west country, the place became a hive of secret activity. Many visitors came and went, but mostly at night. And so contrived were their movements, that never for one moment did the mansion lose its appearance of neglect in the hands of an indifferent caretaker.

Amongst those who visited the place at night was Johann Stryj, and with him a man named Emile Heuferman. It was a far cry from Dorby to Bar-Leighton, but distance seemed to have no concern for these people, who were served by cars of great speed and power. It was obvious that Frederick von Berger's visit to England had been the cue for great activity in the underworld of the Secret Service, and that far-reaching powers were in his control.

While Vita watched the desolation of rain-washed woodlands, Von Berger was occupied with Johann Stryj and Heuferman in a library, which had obviously once been the pride of a previous owner of the house. Von Salzinger was in attendance, too, and, for more than two hours, it was pretty evident these four had been in close consultation on matters of vital interest.

It was obvious, too, that Heuferman was of lesser degree than his companion, Stryj, for it was to the latter Von Berger chiefly addressed himself and from whom he extracted the information he needed. All the talk was of Dorby, and during it the name of Farlow frequently mixed itself into the details. The manner of these men was devoid of all heat. Von Berger might have been a machine, so frigidly precise was his whole attitude.

Johann Stryj spoke only the words necessary, with an effect and decision which must have left nothing to be desired by his exalted superior. Von Salzinger was reduced to a mere observer, but Heuferman became an object for the reception of explicit instructions, which, for the most part, he received with monosyllabic acquiescence.

It was in the middle of the afternoon that the meeting terminated. When Johann Stryj and his companion had taken their departure Frederick Von Berger turned to the silent ex-Captain-General. His eyes were speculative. It was the cold calculation of a mind seeking to complete a half-formed train of thought.

"What were your relations with this woman—before the war?"

Von Salzinger started. A flush tinted his heavy features a sort of copper hue.

"I—don't understand, Excellency."

That odd flicker of the eyelids which seemed to be the only indication of a lighter mood accompanied Von Berger's next words.

"Yet it is not difficult. Information tells us that you at one time sought to marry her. Since coming to England you renewed your acquaintance. I desire the exact explanation. I may need to use the—relationship."

The flush had left the other's cheeks. His eyes took on a smiling meaning.

"At one time I had such thoughts. Now I have no desire to—marry her."

"Ah!"

Von Berger had faced round from the library table at which he was seated, and, crossing his legs, sat contemplatively with his elbows supported on the arms of his chair and his chin resting upon his clasped hands.

Von Salzinger stirred.

"I regard her now as one of my country's enemies. There can be no thought of marriage with one's country's enemy. Such can never receive the consideration we display towards our own womankind. In war the woman is the prize of the victor. That is real war."

The callous brutality of the man was revolting. But the other gave no sign. He contented himself with a continuance of his cold regard and a further ejaculation.

Encouraged by this negative sign of approval, Von Salzinger ventured an interrogation.

"How can my relations with her further your plans, Excellency?"

"I am not quite sure—yet." Then Von Berger bestirred himself. "It is necessary to lay hands on Von Hertzwohl—at once, and——"

He broke off. At that moment a knock at the door interrupted him.

Von Salzinger sprang to his feet and hurried across the floor. After reclosing the door he returned to Von Berger.

"Vassilitz has brought this telegram. It arrived last night at Redwithy Farm. Does your Excellency wish to speak to him?"

Von Berger took the message and opened it. It was addressed to Madame Vladimir at Redwithy Farm. The set of his features relaxed as he read the brief communication. Then he passed it across to Von Salzinger.

"Much news in a few words," was his comment.

The other perused the telegram carefully. It came from Dorby:—

"All's well. Arrived safely. Returning to town. Love.—Ruxton."

"It means——?"

"Von Hertzwohl has arrived in England. At Dorby. Also that he returns to London—Farlow, I mean, and that he is obviously the lover of a woman whom you regard as the prize of the victor. Tell Vassilitz to return to the farm without delay, to remain watchful, and to continue to act as instructed. I must interview the Princess."

Vita's painful contemplation and misery were rudely broken in upon. Just as the shadows of the dreary day were beginning to deepen prematurely the door of her sitting-room was silently thrust open, and Frederick von Berger made his unwelcome appearance.

He stood for one moment contemplating the beautiful drooping figure without the smallest sign of emotion. Then he moved forward over the polished floor, and the sound of his approach acted like an electric current upon the woman at the window. She had been caught at a disadvantage, but in an instant all her pride and courage rose superior to every other emotion. She sat up, and the haughty displeasure in her eyes found vent in cold words which must have stung deeply any other personality but that of their present object.

"It would be superfluous to protest at an intrusion where neither honesty, justice, nor a sense of decency exists. All I can hope for is that, whatever your business may be, you will complete it, and relieve me of your obnoxious presence as quickly as possible."

There was a cold scorn in the simple words which was enhanced threefold by reason of the calm with which they were delivered.

If Frederick von Berger appreciated it he gave no sign.

He came close up to the window in which Vita was sitting. His gaze avoided her, and was directed towards the gloomy prospect beyond it.

He raised one foot and rested it upon the window-seat, and, bending so that an arm rested upon his knee, he glanced down into the averted face.

"I have come to tell you that your position has somewhat changed since you became my guest here," he said, in level tones. "To my great regret it has been discovered that you are as deeply concerned in the plot which has cost us the secrets of Borga as those others. I have received a telegram, intended for you, announcing your father's arrival in this country. The manner in which it is written conveys beyond doubt that you are perfectly intimate with all the plans of the conspiracy, and even that one of the people most concerned is your lover. So, you see, that changes the aspect of the matter so far as you are concerned."

"You have intercepted a message from Mr Ruxton Farlow?"

Vita's face was no longer averted. All her woman's pride was outraged.

"Exactly," he replied. "And the fact has made your position very precarious, very precarious indeed."

The significance of his simple statement would no longer be denied. Vita caught her breath. Her swift, upward glance in his direction had something of the alarm which he desired to witness in it.

He removed his foot from the silken cushion and stood up.

"Princess," he went on, "I came to England with very stringent orders——"

"Who gives Frederick von Berger orders?" cried Vita impulsively. "Not even the Emperor. There is only one person who gives orders to Prince von Berger in Germany—himself. It is useless to deny it. All that you have done here—are doing—is of your own initiative."

But the man continued as though the interruption had not taken place.

"The orders I have received admit of only one course of action—the punishment by death of the traitors to my country, and the complete nullification of the effects of the plot. These things will be carried out regardless of all cost and consequence. There will be no tempering with mercy. Justice, cold justice alone will be meted out—regardless of sex."

"The question of justice I doubt. The matter of sex is a foregone conclusion. There is ample precedent for that."

The bitterness of the woman's words came from her heart. She knew that he was threatening that her life was forfeit, but the fact seemed to leave her untouched since that first swift glance of apprehension.

"The point is not one which I care to debate," the man returned, with his curious, simple directness. "It is not for me to possess an opinion on any matter where authority or the conduct of the State are concerned. I can only assure you that duty will be carried out inexorably. For you the position becomes deplorable. For you to have committed yourself to intrigues which have for their purpose the betrayal of your country is an outrage which calls for no mercy. You will have to face a penalty similar to that which awaits your father. That penalty is—death."

"Death!"

The echo came in a whisper. It was a startled whisper, as though Vita's brain were striving to grasp the full significance of the word as applied to herself. Her eyes were no longer on the man's face. They were contemplating the scene beyond the window without observing it.

Then, slowly, a change came over her. Her body seemed to draw itself erect. The scorn that had lain in her eyes had given place to a curious cold calm. Her shapely lips compressed tightly, and she faced unflinchingly the man who had pronounced the sentence. Her eyes regarded him for some thoughtful moments. It almost seemed as though she were striving to probe beneath that cold mask to the thoughts and emotions which she felt must lie behind it. Then a curious smile grew in them, a smile of renewed contempt that must have been insupportable to a man of any feeling.

"And the alternative? I suppose there is an alternative."

What happens to Vita? You will find the other instalment of this story in next week's "Post Sunday Special."

WHAT EVERY WOMAN FEARS.

All women realise that they can scarcely expect to escape, from time to time, suffering which men are not called upon to endure. But not all women know—though the fact might easily suggest itself—what is really behind all these miseries is something wrong with the blood.

Most often, especially when a girl is entering womanhood, the one cause of pain, low spirits, backaches, and slow development is anæmia. This miserable condition of health—too little blood, or blood that is thin and poor—is sometimes the cause of decline, leading to consumption, at this age. In full womanhood other miseries come to some women, due again to a scarcity of good blood; and when middle age approaches, the penalty which has to be paid is the punishment Nature exacts for neglecting the blood.

Every woman, at the first sign of ill-health, should obtain Dr Williams' pink pills for pale people, for this medicine has made a great reputation by the suffering which it has spared women. Dr Williams' pink pills build up the blood and so restore health; that is why it is important to avoid substitutes.

A very useful Free Book, and other matters to follow, can be had by sending a postcard to the Hints Dept., 46 Holborn Viaduct, London, asking for "Plain Talks to Women."

BEHIND THE GERMAN VEIL.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8).

I forgot to mention one point in my meditations. When I took the chance of continuing East instead of returning to Berlin, I thought there might just be a possibility that the Adjutant or Staff Officer who had spoken with von Schlieffen had entirely taken it upon himself to say "No," and that it was not unlikely the General knew nothing whatever about my latter or my contemplated visit. If my surmise was correct, I would stand a sporting chance, because it was hardly to be expected that out of the thirty-odd officers comprising the Staff, I should run bang into the very man who had telephoned.

I soon knew that the officer in immediate attendance on Hindenburg was not aware of my contretemps at Allenstein on the previous day. Neither did he inquire after my passes. You see, they take these things for granted. Would I prefer to wait here or come in his office, where the stove was lit? Of course, I thought that would be more pleasant. I thought, and am glad to say was not mistaken, that probably the young officer felt he needed some mental relaxation. This will sound strange, but I have found during my travels through Germany, that in spite of the many warnings not to talk shop, every soldier, from the humblest private to the highest General—I am sure not excepting the War Lord himself — dearly loves to expatiate on matters military, his ambitions and hopes. This one was no exception. He chatted away very merrily, and more than once I recognised points and arguments which I had read weeks ago in interviews granted by General Hindenburg to Austrian journalists He quite imagined himself an embryo Field-Marshal.

Meeting Germany's Idol.

He showed me several excellent maps, which gave every railroad line on both sides of the Polish frontier. They certainly emphasised the enormous difference and the many advantages of German versus Russian railroad communications. Many of his predictions have since come true, but most of them have not. He hinted very mysteriously but quite unmistakably, at a prospective Russian debacle, and predicted a separate peace with Russia. "And then," he added, "we will shake up the old women at the western front a bit and show them the 'Hindenburg method.'"

The room we were in was fitted up as an emergency staff office. There were several large tables, maps galore, a safe, a number of books that looked like ledgers and journals, six telephones, and a telegraph instrument. Two non-commissioned officers were writing in a corner. In case anything important happens at night, such as an urgent despatch that demands immediate attention, everything was at hand to enable the General to issue new orders. A staff officer and a clerk are always on duty.

I learned later on, though, that a position in that auxiliary staff office at Hindenburg's residence is more or less of a sinecure. All despatches go first to Ludendorff, Hindenburg's Chief of Staff, who in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, issues orders without consulting his chief.

In the midst of a long explanation of the Russian plight the voluble subaltern suddenly stopped short. I heard a car halt in front of the house, and a minute or two later the door of the office opened, and Germany's giant idol enterd. I rose and bowed. The officer and the two sergeants clicked their heels audibly, and replied to the stentorian "Morgen, meine Herren," with a brisk "Morgen, Excellence."

Hindenburg looked questions at me, but I thought I would let my young friend do the talking and act as master of ceremonies. He handed Hindenburg my letter, and introduced me as "Herr 'von' Beaufort, who has just arrived from Rome." (I had left Rome several months before!) The General read his nephew's letter, and then shook hands with me, assuring me of the pleasure it gave him to meet me. Of course, I was glad that he was glad, and expressed reciprocity of sentiments. I looked at him—well, for lack of a better word, I will say, with affection; you know the kind of childlike, simple admiration which expresses so much. I tried to look at him as a certain little girl would have done, who wrote, "You are like my governess; she, too, knows everything." I felt sure that that attitude was a better one than to pretend that I was overawed. That sort of homage he must receive every day. Besides, as soon as I realised that he knew nothing of the telephone message from and to Allenstein, my old self-assurance had returned.

NEXT WEEK—
What Hindenburg said to me, and my impressions of the German idol.

RHEUMATISM-KIDNEY TROUBLE.

Rheumatism, backache, lumbago, sciatica, gout, urinary trouble, stone, gravel, dropsy, are the result of excessive uric acid. Estora Tablets, a specific based on modern medical science, are the successful treatment. 1/3 per box of 40 tablets, or 6 for 6/9, all chemists, or post free from Estora Co., 132 Charing Cross Rd., London, W.C.

FREEMANS
REAL TURTLE SOUP
made in a minute with
Freemans Real
Turtle Cubes.
Four in a box. 1/-
Freemans
Sheffield

SCOTTISH PERSONALITIES IN THE PUBLIC EYE

By Our Special Commissioner.

Milngavie Lady's Work.

This young lady, Miss Meg Barnet, Dougalston Lodge, Milngavie, has assisted with most of the Flag Days held in Glasgow, and as an organiser of entertainments to wounded Tommies has few equals. At Craigmaddie Auxiliary Hospital she has rendered splendid service in connection with treats to the wounded in that establishment.

Popular With the Tommies.

The Duchess of Sutherland is very busy in her hospital in France. During the present heavy fighting the institution has been taxed to its utmost capacity, and soldiers who have returned to this country are loud in their praise of its administration. Millicent, as she is familiarly called, has always been very popular with the Tommies.

World's Oldest Scoutmaster.

The 1st Perthshire (Pitlochry) Troop of Boy Scouts, who have just celebrated their ninth anniversary, have the double distinction of being the first troop to be formed in Scotland, while their veteran head, Mr J. H. Dixon, F.S.A., is the oldest Scoutmaster in the world. Mr Dixon, though now practically a "Scot of the Scots," and addicted to the picturesque kilt, is a native of Yorkshire, his family having had connection with the Wakefield district for well nigh 300 years. Prior to taking up residence in the Perthshire resort fifteen years ago he spent 25 years in Gairloch, where he took a prominent part in public life, and published a volume which is indicative of his leisure hour activities—"Gairloch—Its Records, Traditions, Inhabitants, and Natural History."

New Rector of Bo'ness Academy.

An Aberdonian in the person of Mr John Reith, M.A., has been appointed rector of Bo'ness Academy Higher Grade School. He graduated at Aberdeen University in 1891, and has been assistant at Bo'ness for several years. His many friends wish him all success in following one who has done so much good and faithful work during the last 33 years as Mr W. Gladstone, whose health now compels him to resign.

A Gordon of the Gordons.

Brigadier-General Robert Gordon Gordon Gilmour, who has been appointed by the King to succeed the Earl of Mansfield as Usher of the Order of the Thistle (Gentleman Usher of the Green Rod), is a Gordon of the Gordons, well known in the Gordon territorial district of East Aberdeenshire, where his father, the late Colonel Wolrige Gordon was for so many years the popular laird of Esslemont, not far from the Marquis of Aberdeen's residence and estate of Haddo. Brigadier-General Gordon Gilmour has had a distinguished military career.

Sir Joseph Ward's Visit to Glasgow.

Sir Joseph Ward, Bart., the ex-Premier of New Zealand, comes to Glasgow next Saturday to review the City Battalion of the Boys' Brigade. While attending the Imperial Conference he has found time to fulfil numerous engagements in various parts of the country. Sir Joseph will be accompanied to the Second City by Lady Ward, and during their visit will be the guests of Lord Inverclyde at Castle Wemyss.

Cheering the Wounded.

Photo by Lafayette.

Lady Lorimer is one of the most enthusiastic war workers in the West of Scotland. She took a leading part in the organisation of yesterday's Canadian Flag Day in Glasgow. Since the outbreak of hostilities she and her husband, Sir Wm. Lorimer, LL.D., one of our great captains of industry, have been untiring in their efforts to hearten and comfort the wounded.

Alloa Bowler's Jubilee.

Ex-Provost Strang, of Alloa, must be ranked among the keenest of Scottish bowlers. This reminds me that he will complete his jubilee as a member of the local club during the present season. He has been a prominent figure on the Alloa green for half-a-century, and gets as close to the Jack as ever. For three years he was Provost of the burgh. His only son, Captain Robert Strang, has died fighting for the Empire.

Child Welfare Pioneer.

In connection with Greenock's maternity and child welfare scheme, Dr Jean M. Morton has been appointed assistant to Dr W. S. Cook, the medical officer of health. This talented lady has had considerable experience in hospital and medical work, besides having spent four years in India as a medical missionary. Dr Cook is, by the way, a pioneer in child welfare schemes, commencing the work over twelve years ago.

Joined at 16: Three Times Wounded.

Lafayette.

Lieut. W. C. Mackenzie of Ashfield, Dunblane, is, I hear, setting out for the front for the fourth time. He joined the Black Watch at the age of sixteen, proceeded to France with the original Expeditionary Force, was severely wounded in the battle of the Aisne in 1914, and a year later was "knocked out" at Loos. He distinguished himself in the battle of the Somme, where he was rendered hors-de-combat for a third time. Lieut. Mackenzie is a typical soldier, who has taken part in many "scraps" on the western front.

New Matron of Paisley Infirmary.

Photo by Lafayette.

Miss Cowie, daughter of the late Mr John Cowie, Law of Craigo, has just been appointed matron of the Royal Alexandra Infirmary, Paisley. She was trained under the former matron, and for a number of years acted as senior sister. Miss Cowie holds the diploma of the Royal British Nurses' Association. In 1914 she gained the Florence Nightingale Medal offered by the Scottish Association for the best essay on "Modern Nursing."

Deep Interest in His Apprentices.

Mr Sam Mavor, of Messrs Mavor & Coulson, Glasgow, is, I am assured, taking a special interest in the literary enterprise which has been launched by the apprentices of his firm. The magazine which the apprentices are running is certain to be brightened by occasional contributions from Mr Mavor, who is a versatile litterateur. He is, besides, a much-travelled gentleman.

Tribute to "Wattie" Forrest.

Another of Scotland's Rugby internationalists in the person of Major Walter Forrest has made the great sacrifice after coming through the terrible Gallipoli campaign unscathed. One of the finest full backs it was ever Scotland's good fortune to possess, "Wattie" played in that position for his country in eight successive international matches and he was never so brilliant as when recovering from his own slips, his performances in this direction bordering on the miraculous, and sending thrills through the supporters of the Thistle at Inverleith and Twickenham.

A Good Angling Story.

A partner of the tackle-making firm of Messrs Forrest & Son, of the pretty little Tweedside town of Kelso, "Wattie" was well known as an enthusiastic angler, and it is related how, while at Gallipoli, a signaller one autumn day—the date was that of the opening of the Tweed salmon angling season—received a message of greeting for him, in which occurred the phrase "A tight line!" The identity of the sender remained a complete mystery until the following day, when there arrived to inspect the Borderers Lieutenant-General Davies, another enthusiastic salmon fisher, and well known in the Galashiels district. It was a great day that for the Borderers, and especially for those of them among the "Galaleans" who knew anything about the fascinating sport of angling.

LEADING THEATRICAL LIGHTS IN SCOTLAND THIS WEEK.

(1) Hetty King at the Glasgow Coliseum; (2) Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson at Her Majesty's, Dundee; (3) Miss Carson, of Donald and Carson, at the Glasgow Empire; (4) Marguerite Sylvestre, in "My Lonely Soldier," at the Glasgow Alhambra; (5) Benny Browning at the Dundee King's.

An Actor's Engagement.

The engagement is announced of Mr Ernest Thesiger, the actor, to Miss Janette Ranken, an Edinburgh lady interested in dramatic art. Mr Thesiger is closely related to Lord Chelmsford, India's Viceroy, and the youngest son of Sir Edward Thesiger, the ex-Clerk-Assistant of the Parliaments. While with the colours he was rather badly wounded, but is again before the public.

Young in Spirit.

The Rev. Dr J. Curdie Russell, is 89 years of age. He is the senior minister of the Highland Parish Church, Campbeltown, and despite his years has again taken office as clerk to the Synod of Argyll. He is the second oldest minister of the Auld Kirk, and comes of a family of clergymen. One of his forbears, the Rev. James Curdie, who ministered in the island of Gigha, in the Mull of Kintyre, was a tutor of Lord Beaconsfield.

EMPIRE, GLASGOW.
6.45—TWICE NIGHTLY—9.0.
John Tiller's
"100 YEARS AGO."
G. H. CHIRGWIN,
The Original White-Eyed Kaffir.
GEORGE D'ALBERT.
Wilfred Barnard, Rorie and M. Dubin.
Daunton Shaw Trouppe. Reg Bolton.
MATINEE, TUESDAY, 2.30.
Box Office, 10.30 to 5.30 and 6.30 to 9.30.
'Phone 3731 Douglas.

COLISEUM,
GLASGOW.
6.55—TWICE NIGHTLY—9.
STUPENDOUS VARIETY PROGRAMME.
HETTY KING,
JACK AND EVELYN,
GILDAY AND FOX.
KHAKI BOYS. HARRY TAFT.
CARON TROUPE. GUS GARRICK.
Box Office, 11 to 4—6 to 9.30 p.m.
'Phones—South 230, Central 1501.

LA SCALA,
GLASGOW.
MON., TUES., WED., 30th April, 1st and 2d May.
ANN PENNINGTON in
"THE RAINBOW PRINCESS."
Famous Players Production in 4 Parts.
"A LOVER MIGHT."
Two-Part Triangle Comedy.
"HIS PERFECT DAY."
Metro Drew Comedy.
THURS., FRI., SAT., 3d, 4th, 5th May.
EDMUND BREESE in
'WEAKNESS OF STRENGTH.'
Five-Part Metro Drama.
"A MOVIE STAR."
Triangle Comedy.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE,
DUNDEE.
APRIL 30th, for SIX NIGHTS at 7.15.
SATURDAY MATINEE, 2.15.
THE WORLD-FAMOUS DANCER,
LADY CONSTANCE STEWART-RICHARDSON.
AND SPECIALLY SELECTED COMPANY.
Box Office Open. 'Phone 1919.

KING'S THEATRE,
DUNDEE.
TWICE NIGHTLY, at 7 and 9.
THE FAVOURITE MUSICAL COMEDY STAR,
FLORENCE SMITHSON.
TOM RENO, Comedian; GWEN THOMAS, Welsh Soprano; ORPHEUS, a Musical Surprise; TAYLOR & BROWNING in "A Rustic Romance"; LES VAN DEARRENS, Amusing Acrobats; IDA BARR, Comedienne.
Box Office, 11 to 4, 6.15 to 10. 'Phone 1930.

LA SCALA,
'PHONE 384. 30 MURRAYGATE, DUNDEE.
ALL NEXT WEEK.
PARTS 2 and 3,
"SONS OF OUR EMPIRE."
(LATEST OFFICIAL WAR FILM).
Showing the British Navy and Submarine Service in War Time.
Also, CHARLES CHAPLIN in His Latest Comedy,
"THE VAGABOND."
MONDAY, FOR THREE DAYS ONLY,
MAE MURRAY in
"THE BIG SISTER."
THURSDAY, FOR THREE DAYS ONLY,
PEGGY HYLAND & E. H. SOTHERN in
"THE CHATTEL."

SHAND'S PICTURE HOUSE,
SHEPHERD'S LOAN, DUNDEE.
MONDAY, TUES., and WED.,
BILLIE BURKE in "PEGGY."
One of the Latest Successes from the Triangle Studios. The Famous Star at her Best.
Produced in 5 Acts.
THURS., FRI., and SAT.—"ANNIE LAURIE," a Beautiful Representation of the World-Famous Song, featuring Stewart Rome, Alma Taylor, and the All-Star Hepworth Company. Also, Episode 10 of the "LAUGHING MASK." 7145

VICTORIA, VICTORIA ROAD, DUNDEE.
TWICE NIGHTLY, at 7 and 9.
SPECIAL MATINEE, WEDNESDAY, at 3.
ANNA PAVLOVA
(The Incomparable) in the
"DUMB GIRL OF PORTICI."
Based on Auber's Famous Opera, "Masaniello."
All the Week. First Time in Dundee.
A Real Treat for Picture Lovers.

PALACE PLAYHOUSE,
DUNDEE.
CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE, from 7-10.30.
The Famous B.B. PICTURES Present
"A TREASURE FROM HEAVEN,"
By MARIE CORELLA.

ELECTRIC THEATRE,
NETHERGATE DUNDEE.
CONTINUOUS, 2.30 to 10.30.
WEEK COMMENCING APRIL 30th.
SHOWING, MON., TUES., and WED.
'THE PRINCESS INTRIGUES
Corona Film in 3 Reels.
Also
"THE BLOOD TEST."
Cameo Feature in 4 Reels.
SHOWING, THUR., FRI., and SAT.
"THE YELLOW TRAFFIC."
"Sun" Exclusive in 3 Reels.
Also
"SPECTRE OF THE DEEP."
Nordisk Drama in 4 Reels.
LATEST WAR TOPICALS SHOWING ALL THE WEEK.

RESULTS AT A GLANCE.

X INDICATES MATCH OFF.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

Airdrieonians,	1	Falkirk,	0
Clyde,	0	Celtic,	5
Dundee,	2	Rangers,	1
Hamilton Acad.,	3	Raith Rovers,	1
Morton,	2	Aberdeen,	1
Queen's Park,	1	Hearts,	1
St Mirren,	0	Dumbarton,	0
Third Lanark,	2	Partick Thistle,	0

WESTERN CUP.

Abercorn,	2	Johnstone,	2

FIFE CUP—Final.

Cowdenbeath,	0	East Fife,	0

DUMBARTONSHIRE CUP—Final.

Clydebank,	1	Dumbarton Harp,	1

CHARITY MATCHES.

Ayr United,	0	Kilmarnock,	2
Hibs,	2	St Bernards,	0
Motherwell,	3	Wishaw Thistle,	1
Arthurlie,	4	Cadet XI.,	1

GLASGOW JUNIOR LEAGUE.

Parkhead,	4	Ashfield,	0
Benburb,	3	Cambuslang Rangers,	1
Clydebank,	2	Kirkintilloch R. R.,	0
Vale of Clyde,	2	Glencairn,	1

SCOTTISH JUNIOR LEAGUE.

Blantyre Victoria,	1	Renfrew Juniors,	0
Thornliebank,	7	St Anthony's,	2
Croy Celtic,	2	Bedlay Juniors,	2

SCOTTISH CUP—Semi-Final.

St Mirren Juniors,	2	Bellshill Athletic,	0

AYRSHIRE CUP—Final.

Stevenston Thistle,	1	Burnfoothill Primrose,	0

GLASGOW CONSOLATION CUP.

Strathclyde,	3	Maryhill,	2
Pollok,	2	Perthshire,	2

FIFE SHIELD—Semi-Final.

Dunbeath Star,	2	Hearts of Beath,	0

FALKIRK AND DISTRICT CUP—Final.

Denny Hibs,	1	Dunipace,	0

ENGLISH LEAGUE.

Lancashire Section.

Bolton Wanderers,	1	Liverpool,	0

Lancashire Subsidiary Competition.

Stockport County,	2	Everton,	1
[illegible] Vale,	5	Manchester United,	2

Midland Principal Competition.

Birmingham,	0	Lincoln City,	0
Sheffield Wednesday,	7	Lincoln City,	1
Bradford City,	3	Chesterfield,	1

Lincoln City played two matches.

London Combination.

Arsenal,	4	Crystal Palace,	0
Watford,	3	Chelsea,	6
West Ham United,	5	Portsmouth,	2
Q.P. Rangers,	0	Millwall Athletic,	0
Clapton Orient,	0	Tottenham Hotspur,	8
Southampton,	2	Fulham,	2
Luton Town,	6	Brentford,	0

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

	P	W	L	D	Goals F	Goals A	Pts
Celtic,	38	27	1	10	79	17	64
Morton,	38	24	8	6	72	39	54
Rangers,	38	24	9	5	68	32	53
Airdrieonians,	38	21	9	8	71	38	50
Third Lanark,	38	19	8	11	53	37	49
Kilmarnock,	38	18	13	7	69	45	43
St Mirren,	38	15	13	10	49	43	40
Motherwell,	38	16	16	6	57	59	38
Partick Thistle,	38	14	17	7	44	43	35
Hamilton Acad.,	38	13	16	9	54	75	35
Dumbarton,	38	12	15	11	56	75	35
Falkirk,	38	12	16	10	57	57	34
Clyde,	38	10	14	14	41	53	34
Hearts,	38	12	20	4	44	59	32
Ayr United,	38	12	19	7	47	59	31
Dundee,	38	13	21	4	58	71	30
Hibs,	38	10	18	10	57	72	30
Queen's Park,	38	11	20	7	56	81	29
Raith Rovers,	38	8	23	7	42	91	23
Aberdeen,	38	7	24	7	36	68	21

TOUGHTIE AT BOGHEAD.

Dumbarton Harp and Clydebank met at Boghead in the county final. In twenty-two minutes Shortt scored for Clydebank. Brodie had hard lines in not equalising.

The second half was a scorcher. Harp, with the wind, pressed oftener, their keeper not having to handle in the first twenty minutes. M'Callum equalised from a free kick. Neary, the Harp's centre forward, retired hurt. Harp were the better side in the closing stage, but failed to get the lead. Two players were ordered off for fighting. M'Callum, Dempster, Livingston, and M'Bride were the pick of the Harp, and M'Turk, Black, Taylor, Goldie, and Shortt for Clydebank. A draw—one goal each. The replay will not take place until next season.

YOUNG SAINTS FOR JUNIOR FINAL.

A crowd of over twelve thousand witnessed St Mirren Juniors defeat Bellshill Athletic at Firhill Park, Glasgow, by two goals to nothing, and thus qualify to meet Renfrew Juniors in the final for the Scottish Junior Cup. A Renfrewshire final is thus assured. Bellshill have only themselves to blame for their defeat. The junior Saints were hardly two goals their superior, but with scoring chances galore the miners made a sorry hash of it. Even a penalty, kicked by sharp-shooter Davis, failed to count, Hart bringing off a splendid save. Repeatedly in the second half the Bellshill forwards tumbled over each other in front of the Paisley goal, and their helpless nervousness was galling to their huge following. The Athletic defeated themselves by getting panicky, while St Mirren kept their heads, and played with method.

St Mirren's defence carried the day. Hart played up to his fine reputation, and the two Maos in front of him—M'Leod and M'Quhade—never flinched in the face of the rushing attacks of the Bellshill forwards. There was no finer forward on the field than Durward, the outside left-winger of the Saints, who capped a clever all-round display by notching both goals. The referee, Mr Morrison, of Falkirk, committed a blunder, in stopping the game five minutes before the time, but the play was resumed when the error was realised. While I rather fancy Renfrew Juniors as the winners of the Cup, St Mirren second string ought to make it a rousing and exciting final.

The "gate," exclusive of war tax, amounted to £260, a splendid tribute to the popularity of Cup-ties.

CUP FOR DENNY HIBS.

A keen game was the outcome of the meeting of Dunipace and Denny Hibs in the final of the Falkirk and District Cup Competition. The match took place at Brockville Park. The Cup went to the Hibs for whom M'Cormack, the inside right, scored the only goal of the game after thirty minutes' play. The leading up work by the outside left, M'Harg, was clever. He sent over a neat cross. M'Cormack got the ball low down, and Blair, the custodian, failed to handle the leather. Dunipace were rather weak at centre, but the defence was good.

Result:—Denny Hibs, 1; Dunipace, 0.

RESULT OF FOOTBALL CONTEST.

Matches Played April 14.

In this contest one reader submitted a form showing fourteen matches correctly forecasted, and our Consolation Prize of £10 is therefore awarded to Robert Whyte, Gowrie, Mossgreen, Kelty, Fife.

CELTIC'S WHIRLWIND WIND-UP AT SHAWFIELD PARK.

HOW RANGERS DROPPED THE POINTS AT DENS PARK,

AND MORTON MANAGED TO MAKE SURE OF SECOND PLACE.

A blustery wind was a big factor in the game at Greenock, where Morton, who have now secured the position of League runners-up, were opposed by Aberdeen. It was only in the second half that the local men showed a glimpse of their usual form. Aberdeen were handicapped by the absence of a number of their team, and one of the gaps was filled by Paterson, of Morton, who played a fine game in the first half. During this period the Northern men played up surprisingly well. Anderson, Aberdeen's goalkeeper, had about one decent shot to deal with, but after the cross-over Morton saw to it that he got plenty to do. The first goal came in ten minutes. M'Lean landed a nice cross from Seymour into the net. M'Culloch made a win certain by scoring a second with a fine drive. Morrison, M'Intyre, and Wright were strong Morton defenders. Aberdeen's defence was plucky. Ambler, Paterson, and Cruickshanks were the pick of the forwards.

Morton, 2; Aberdeen, 0.

Morton—Bradford; Morrison and Ormonde; M'Intyre, Wright, and J. Stevenson; M'Nab, M'Culloch, M'Lean, Stevenson, and Seymour.

Aberdeen—Anderson; Coleman and Moir; Greig, A. Robertson, and J. Robertson; Davidson, Ambler, Patterson, Main, and Cruikshanks.

CELTS' GRAND FINISH.

Clyde had Celtic at Shawfield in the closing fixture of the season, and sustained their biggest defeat of the season. Celts were minus their two Macs, M'Nair and M'Menemy, and Fullarton (Saltcoats Victoria) and M'Lean came in. Celtic drew first blood. A cross from M'Atee found Shingleton in difficulties, and M'Coll bunched both man and ball into the net. This was all the scoring in the first half. It was a good half. Clyde had their chances which they badly misused, and Celts stood alone for cunning, craft, and solidity.

It was the same old story for a lengthened period after resumption. Clyde made the running, never far from Shaw. Yet they seldom got in a nodding acquaintance. They played closer, passed when they should have shot, and shot usually well off the mark. Celts then came away with a bright effort from "Patsy." He robbed Daly of the ball, and from thirty yards out he beat Shingleton all the way. More Clyde pressure, then came a bright ten minutes, which gave Celts three goals. The first was by Joe Dodds, a shot from a place kick finding the net. Then M'Coll nodded home a flag kick, and M'Lean notched a fifth.

Clyde were good only in defence, where Cowan, Farrell, and Neave were outstanding. Shimmon and G. Watson were the best forwards. For Celts Fullarton did well. M'Stay was the best half, and forward none did better than M'Coll, Gallagher, and M'Atee. Attendance, 15,000.

Celtic, 5; Clyde, 0.

Clyde—Shingleton; Cowan and Farrell; Daly, Neave, and Forrest; C. Watson, G. Watson, M'Gowan, Thomson, and Shimmon.

Celtic—Shaw; Fullarton and Dodds; Wilson, M'Stey, and Brown; M'Atee, Gallagher, M'Coll, Browning, and M'Lean.

THE WARRIORS' WIN.

Third Lanark won comfortably against Partick Thistle at Cathkin. They were the better side, showing superior tactics generally. In eight minutes they scored after some strong attacking, Wilkie collaring the ball and popping it into the net well out of Ferguson's reach. Later the Jags were very aggressive, and the home goal had one or two narrow escapes. Afterwards Third Lanark did most of the attacking, and on play were worthy of a greater lead.

In the second half the balance was distinctly with the Warriors. At times the Thistle came well into the eye with determined attacks, but the home defence was too good for the visiting forwards. A second goal to Third Lanark came through a penalty given for a foul against Thomson, M'Lean kicking home. Best for the winners—Mackie, Hannah, Bissett, Weir, and M'Lean. The Thistle were well served by Ferguson, Robertson, M'Mullan, M'Tavish, and Bowie.

Third Lanark, 2; Partick Thistle, 0.

Third Lanark — Brownlie; M'Laughlin and Mackie; Walker, Hannah, and Brown; Bissett, Weir, M'Lean, Wilkie, and Thomson.

Partick Thistle—Ferguson; J. Harris and Robertson; Durnin, Fletcher, and M'Mullan; Whittle, Honeyman, Reid, M'Tavish, and Bowie.

QUEEN'S DIVIDE.

The Hearts were the closing attraction at Hampden. Both sides were well represented. Hearts were the more aggressive lot at the start, the Queen's taking some time to find their game. Hilsdon had a chance to open the score, but he was off in his elevation. Walker was the Queen's hope, and Black did well to charge down a real ripper. A. L. Morton was not seen at his best. For one thing he was up against Peter Nellies, and additionally he got poor support. Queen's were the first to score, and it was quite a good goal, Morton and M'Dermid having a pass on before the ball came to Walker to be driven home. By this goal Queen's crossed over leaders. In the second half Queen's made a bright start and a poor finish, and in between Hearts equalised and failed to go one better for a win. Mercer led up to the Hearts success by his effective pass out to Sinclair, who ran clear in and gave Ward no option. Hearts did well to draw. For Queen's, Ward, Thorpe, and Cowan were great in defence, Sibbald was weak, and Frank Walker was the "star." Hearts' best—Kiernan, Mercer, Nellies, Sinclair, Denyer, and Cartmell.

Queen's Park, 1; Hearts, 1.

Queen's Park—R. Ward; P. Thorpe and J. Neilson; A. Cowan, J. G. Barry, and D. Paterson; R. Sibbald, W. J. Aitken, F. Walker, R. F. M'Dermid, and A. L. Morton.

Hearts—Black; Kiernan and M'Intosh; Nellies, Mercer, and Ross; Sinclair, M'Ewan, Denyer, Hilsdon, and Cartmell.

DUNDEE UP AT DENS.

Dundee wound up the season at Dens Park with a two-to-one win at the expense of the Rangers. It was a fairly interesting encounter. Dundee got a couple of goals in the first half, Brown and Fisher being the scorers. It was the sheer grit of Brown that led to Dundee's success. He whipped in when Lock was about to clear a bouncing ball after a shot by M'Culloch and put it into the net, whilst his energetic efforts led to Fisher getting a fine chance, which the outside left accepted. Rangers did not settle down to their usual game until late in the second half, when they played Dundee almost to a standstill. Gordon was the outstanding forward on the visitors' side. A little more steadiness on the part of the Rangers' front rank would have brought the sides level. As it was, the visitors were awarded a penalty, and Blair converted. Rangers were very strong in defence. Dundee deserved their win, because they made good use of their opportunities in the early part of the game.

Dundee, 2; Rangers, 0.

Dundee—Bower; Thomson and Burns; George Murray, Macintosh, and Duffus; Herron, Frank Murray, Brown, M'Culloch, and Fisher.

Rangers—Lock; Manderson and Blair; Bowie, M'Kenna, and Martin; Dick, Gordon, Charles Duncan, Livingstone, and Lawson.

ROVERS FAIL.

Raith Rovers fell at Hamilton to the Academicals. Against the wind in the first half the Rovers put up a good fight. Hamilton did more of the pressing, but the visitors were more dangerous in front of goal. Neither side shot with great precision, and the goalkeepers had not a deal about which to worry. Towards the interval Raith's game developed strongly, and, following a heady movement Lindsay got a chance and took it, drawing first blood for Fife, who held this lead at the interval.

After a promising opening in the second half the Rovers fell away. Hamilton seized their opportunity, and Murphy drew level. Then Wilson gave his side the lead with a beauty, and put the issue beyond doubt when he added a third shortly after. Bruce, Winning, Muir, Forest, Archibald, and Abbot shone for the losers. Hamilton, M'Namee, M'Neill, Murphy, and Wilson were the pick of the Academicals.

Hamilton, 3; Raith Rovers, 1

Hamilton Academicals—Hamilton; M'Allister and Adam Miller; Purdie, M'Namee, and M'Lennan; M'Neill, Murphy, Wilson (Middlesboro'), Kyle, and Kelly.

Raith Rovers—Bruce; Winning and Muir; Rattray, Forrest, and Currie; Archibald, Lindsay, Rougvie, Abbot, and Gibson.

LEVEL PEGGING AT LOVE STREET.

St Mirren and Dumbarton met at Love Street For forty out of the forty-five minutes of the first half St Mirren crowded in front of Dumbarton's goal, but they could not score. Miller and M'Grory and Semple gave a rare display in defensive work, but there was still something amiss with the attack. During the second half the Saints, with the wind against them, had as much of the play as their opponents. The play of Dixon, Walls, and Brown was in keeping with their reputations, and Marshall and Callaghan were not a whit behind. Dumbarton were lucky in sharing the points.

St Mirren, 0; Dumbarton, 0.

St Mirren—Hillcoat; Marshall and Callaghan; Brown, Dixon, and Walls; Anderson, Pringle, Wilson, Lindsay, and M'Rae.

Dumbarton—Miller; M'Grory and Semple; Gunn, Raeside, and Reid; Ritchie, M'Kim, Cairney, Lister, and Thom.

BAIRNS AT BROOMFIELD.

Falkirk fell at Airdrie by the only goal of the game, which was marred somewhat by a high wind. The 'Onians were the more aggressive, and in a goalless first half had the better of the exchanges. Rankin had hard luck with some tip-top corners which were not improved upon later. Falkirk came well into the picture, and the home goal was gravely endangered, Bernard making grand saves from Croal and M'Culloch.

In the second half Yarnall scored from a corner early on, the referee ignoring an appeal by the visitors. Subsequent play was very keen, both goals having narrow escapes. Bernard, Watson, Knox, Rankin, Anderson, and Donaldson were perhaps the best of Airdrie's bunch. Stewart, Henderson, Harvie, Simpson, and Croal were most prominent for Falkirk.

Airdrieonians 1; Falkirk, 0.

Airdrieonians—Bernard; M'Donald and Watson; Knox, Kennedy, and Comrie; Rankin, Anderson, Yarnall, Donaldson, and Paterson.

Falkirk—Stewart; Donaldson and Henderson; Harvie, A. Comrie, and M'Millan; Simpson, M'Culloch, Shearer, Croal, and Gray.

FIFE FINAL.

It took two hours to settle the final of the Fife Cup Competition between Cowdenbeath and East Fife at Mossend Park, Cowdenbeath. The pegging was level after ninety minutes' play, there being no goals, and it was decided to go on for another half-hour, and count by corners if need be. Cowdenbeath won a stubborn battle by two corners to one, and retain the Cup for another year. M'Kinley, Birrell, Rowan, M'Lean, Gillespie, and Goodwin shone for the winners. Anderson, Bennett, Allan, and Main were the pick of the losers.

WHIPPETING.

GLASGOW HANDICAP.

A 200 yards handicap drew a big crowd. First and second in heats—Mr Lundie's Cowboy (10½) and Mr Johnstone's Sandy (24½). Mr M'Kinnes's Swynford (7½) and Mr Conway's Limpet (20½). Mr Moran's Gipsy Boy (25), Mr Hendry's Run Away (21), and Mr ——'s Hardship (25), dead heat; Mr Moir's Visitor (20) and Mr Nichol's Cossack (29½). Mr Bookless' Wee Bella (33½) and Mr Kildew's Fanny (13), dead heat; Mr Campbell's Stand Fast (17) and Mr Gray's Innocence (22); Mr M'Leod's Lilly Bell (11½), Mr Chalmer's Bonny (16½), and Mr King's White Star (23½), dead heat; Mr Ferrie's Scotch Thistle (16½) and Mr Anderson's Dido (10½); Mr Burns' Cardenden (24½) and Mr M'Lean's Kiorie (22½); Mr Sneddon's All Black (15) and Mr Hendry's Judy (31½); Mr Hennay's Black Ned (25) and Mr Bill's Lady Pearce (32½); Mr M'Colgan's Kitty (22), Mr Wood's Bessie (16), and Mr M'Donald's Right Away (10½), dead heat; Mr M'Kay's Sunbeam (22½) and Mr Henderson's Nell (33); Mr Flynn's Paddy Go Easy (25) and Mr Evans' Black Agnes (18); Mr M'Lure's Wee Kate (32) and Mr Ryan's Wee Lizzie (35½); Mr Crandell's Marry Me (33) and Mr Watt's Bag of Tricks (35½); Mr Wilson's Highflyer (25) and Mr Boyle's Kaffir (15); Mr Ross' Wee Nora (35½) and Mr Kinnon's Velvet (25); Mr Thomson's Liberty (32) and Mr Reilly's Black Rose (35½); Mr Clifford's Steam Hammer (34½) and Mr Shrawbera's Perfect Lady (35); Mr Mailler's Cinders (23) and Mr Burke's Barbara (24); Mr Stockford's Good Morning (31½) and Mr Roberts' Falconet (15); Mr Morrison's Bobbie (15½) and Mr M'Ewan's Vanity (30); Mr O'Neil's Street Singer (24) and Mr M'Cruden's Comedian (14).

First Semi-Final—Visitor and Fanny.

Second Semi-Final—Kilty, All Black, and Right Away, dead heat.

Third Semi-Final—Highflyer and Marry Me.

Fourth Semi-Final—Good Morning and Bobbie.

Final—1 Moir's Visitor, 2 Wilson's Highflyer, 3 Kildew's Fanny.

Betting—Evens Good Morning, 2 to 1 against Visitor, 3½ to 1 Kelty, 5 to 1 Highflyer, 10 to 1 others.

COATBRIDGE MEET.

The usual weekly handicap took place on Mr Richardson's grounds at Coatbridge yesterday. There was an increased entry and large attendance. The programme opened with the final rounds in the previous week's handicap. Winners:—First semi-final—1 Mac's Stonewall (37), 2 Miller's More Beer (36). Second semi-final—1 Dickson's Tiger (42), 2 Deans' Sun Queen (47). Final—1 Tiger, 2 Sun Queen. Betting—7 to 4 winner, evens Stonewall. Twenty-two heats in a new handicap were afterwards completed. Winners:—Doyle's Lord Annandale (47), Bennett's Flashlight (46), Cox's Chapelhall Boy (45), Brown's Saucy Sarah (51), Murray's Kate II. (42), Spence's Redwood (40), Bennett's All-Lonely (46), Potter's Little Annie (50), Canavan's Creeping Jenny (49), M'Call's Dear Bee (49), Greenhorn's Snowball (39), Cullen's Dick (50), Dickson's White Fest (49), Bell's Little Frisky (45), Beggar's Blue Streak (49), M'Cabe's Friday II. (49), Anderson's Wee Willie (51), M'Donald's Outlaw (40), Thomson's Hurry On (50), Prentice's Third Attempt (44), Clark's Wee Joe (50), Duffy's Jess (50).

LOCHGELLY HANDICAP.

The weekly handicap came off before a large crowd. A dead heat was witnessed in the final, and in running off Bad News just won on the tape.

Result:—1 Mr Patterson's (Lochgelly) Bad News (12); 2 Mr Yorkston's (Cowdenbeath) Lucky Meg (12); 3 Mr Shaw's (Cardenden) Bollin (8); 4 Mr Hogg's (Bowhill) Charlie Chaplin (16).

Betting—2 to 1 on Bad News.

EDINBURGH HANDICAP.

A dog handicap for first prize of £8 and 10s each to the other finalists was run at Powderhall yesterday over a distance of 190 yards. There were 200 entries. The finalists were:—Skidmore's (Portobello) Houdine (34); Menzies' (Cowdenbeath) China Lass (38); Sim's (Gilmerton) Violet II. (35); Chalmers' (Transent) Cowboy (35); and Pearce's (Balerno) Little Fred (38). Winner—China Lass. Betting—3 to 1 on China Lass, 2 to 1 against Violet II., 3 to 1 against Cowboy, 6 to 1 Loudine, 20 to 1 against Little Fred. Won by inches. Time—10½ secs.

PEDS. AT POWDERHALL

A sixty yards foot handicap at Powderhall yesterday produced 105 entries. The prize money was £6, and the handicap was framed from G. Walker (Cupar), who was scratch. Result:—(25) G. Hulme (Edinburgh) (16); (15s) J. Murray (Glasgow) (9); (5s) R. M'Pherson (Leith) (9½). Betting—5 to 2 on Hulme, 3 to 1 against Murray, 3 to 1 against J. Donaldson (Bathgate) (8½), 10 to 1 against M'Pherson. Won by a foot; inches between second and third. Time—7 secs.

QUOITING.

John Chalmers, Kirkintilloch, reputed Champion Jamie Rae, of Uphall, in a friendly match at Kirkintilloch. At half-game Chalmers led, 22-16. It was level pegging in the second half, and Rae finished a winner by one shot. J. Rae, 41; J. Chalmers, 40.

Cross-Arthurlie and R. and W. met at Barrhead in the first round of the Renfrewshire Cup-ties. The visitors were the better lot, and finished easy winners. R. and W., 100; Cross-Arthurlie, 48.

SENSATIONAL BOXING BOUT AT AIRDRIE.

The ten-round contest for the feather-weight championship of the Monkland Club, Airdrie, which took place last night, ended in a sensational manner. The contest was between James Hunter, Airdrie, and Arthur Agnew, Coatbridge. There was a huge crowd, and Dan M'Goldrick, the heavy-weight boxer, was referee. The men entered the ring at ten o'clock, and the bout had just started when Hunter caught Agnew a terrific blow on the chin, knocking him out in practically the first second of the fight. The dramatic ending created great excitement.

A six-round contest between Percy Lafferty, Airdrie, and Hugh Campbell, Paisley, two lads of sixteen and seventeen years respectively, ended in a draw.

BILLIARDS.

REECE (in play),	...	...	8000
STEVENSON,	...	...	7446

The League shutters are up.

Did Fulham put you in the "basket?"

The "Bairns'" luck was out at Airdrie.

Airdrie carried the points by a penalty.

Bombardier Mercer pleased at Hampden.

Frank Walker was Queen's star forward.

Alec M'Nair was not missed at Shawfield.

Celtic fill the bill as top-scorers of the day.

Shingleton failed in anticipation at Shawfield.

Celtic and Chelsea did not disappoint away.

Celts got their nap hand by a minimum of effort.

Celtic stand alone as the only away winners.

Charlie Shaw was never in danger at Shawfield.

Lincoln City fielded two teams at the week-end.

Celts win the League tourney with a ten-point margin.

St Mirren finished their season with a goalless draw.

The bowlers have made a start! Shake yer ain haun'!

Fullarton made a promising First League show for Celtic.

The Junior semi-final brought in £260, without the tax.

Yarnall finishes at 39, so he can shake with Willie Reid.

Jocky Simpson was Falkirk's outstanding man at Broomfield.

Morton finish runners-up to Celtic. Well played, Mr Cochran!

Gallagher and M'Lean's goals at Brig'ton were brilliant efforts.

YESTERDAY'S RACING AT PHŒNIX PARK.

3.0.—LIFFEY PLATE—One Mile.

Senator (R. Crisp),	1
I See (M. Quirke),	2
Half Caste (T. Burns),	3

6 Ran.

Also ran—Feodorovna (H. H. Beasley), Stoke Bridge (F. Murphy), Friarstown Lass (M. Quinn), Burmah Girl (M. Beary), Eria's Pride (H. L. Wright).

Betting—5 to 1 Half Caste, 5 to 2 I See, 5 to 1 Senator, 7 to 1 Feodorovna, 6 to 1 Friarstown Lass, 10 to 1 others.

Won by a neck; one length between second and third.

3.30.—TOLKA PLATE—Five Furlongs.

Llassinfried (J. Feane),	1
Tonga (W. Williams),	2
Right Line (F. Hunter),	3

11 Ran.

Also ran—Sisyphus (J. Thwaites), Larry (R. Reilly), Kate's Brass (J. Morgan), Very Light (F. Cheshire), Electress (H. H. Beasley), Loch D (M. Quirke), Little Nash (J. Haynes), Knock-a-Rea (Joe Harty).

Betting—11 to 4 Right Line, 7 to 1 Sisyphus, 6 to 1 Llassinfried, 4 to 1 Tonga, 6 to 1 Electress, 7 to 1 Loch D, 8 to 1 Little Nash, 6 to 1 Knock-a-Rea, 100 to 8 others.

Won by a head; a neck between second and third.

4.0.—GREER PLATE—Five Furlongs.

Impertinent (Joe Canty),	1
Lotus (Jas. Canty),	2
Harvest House (W. Barrett),	3

16 Ran.

Also ran—Wildfellow (N. Marriott), Court Sword (M. Barrett), Spinette (R. Crisp), Patria (Joe Harty), Faritena (N. Haynes), Diabolette (A. Barrett), Grey Hen (J. Thwaites), Judy M'Cann (H. H. Beasley), Hells Kells (C. Fry), Lass o' Reason (F. Hunter), Pegswood (J. Bond), Mabel (M. Beary).

Betting—3 to 1 Impertinent, 2 to 1 Harvest House, 10 to 1 Lotus, 8 to 1 Wildfellow, 100 to 6 Court Sword, 5 to 1 Diabolette, 10 to 1 Judy M'Cann, 20 to 1 others.

Won by four lengths; one length between second and third.

4.30.—WEIGHT-FOR-AGE PLATE—Five Furlongs.

Orb (M. Beary),	1
Orlass (H. Beasley),	2
Spring Daisy (T. Burns),	3

Also ran—Smyla (C. Foy).

Betting—5 to 4 Spring Daisy, 6 to 4 Orlass, 9 to 2 Orb, 6 to 1 Smyla.

5.0.—FARMLEIGH PLATE—Five Furlongs.

Southern Joy (M. Beary),	1
Longer Line (J. Patman),	2
Caughlawoga (D. Ward),	3

6 Ran.

Also ran—Steady Scotch (T. Burns), Barile (H. Beasley), Calitot (M. Quirke).

Betting—4 to 1 Steady Scotch, 100 to 8 Longer Line, 2 to 1 Caughlawoga, evens Southern Joy, 20 to 1 others.

Won by three lengths; one and a half lengths between second and third.

5.30.—WELTER PLATE—One Mile Seven Furlongs.

Jersey Queen (Mr W. J. Parkinson),	1
Waving Queen (J. Patman),	2
Sea Cock (F. Hunter),	3

6 Ran.

Also ran—Pie Bridge (H. H. Beasley), The Tenter (M. Barrett), Sir Eaker (C. Aylin).

Betting—5 to 4 Sea Cock, evens Jersey Queen, 20 to 1 others.

Won by a length and a half; two lengths between second and third.

RACING.

THE COLONEL'S NEWMARKET TIPS.

Tuesday, May 1.

Hastings Plate—Brigadier General, nap***.
Visitors' Plate—Hakl, nap**; Search next best.
Short Course Plate—Waltz, nap; Serban next best.
Two Thousand Guineas Trial Plate—Crevasse, nap*; Minster Bell next best.
Risby Plate—Ecarlo, nap; Nonoco next best.
Maiden Plate (Division 1)—Aviatik, nap; Bayling next best.
Maiden Plate (Division 2)—Cattewater, nap; Romero next best.
Spring Stakes—Royal Robe, nap; Foreground next best.

Wednesday.

Two Thousand Guineas—Grand Fleet, nap***; Taylor's Selected next best.
Chippenham Plate—Kwang Su, nap**; Granby next best.
Wilbraham Plate—Fairy Orb, nap*; Winsome Girl next best.
Somersham Plate—Nonoco, nap; Tufa next best.
Bretty Handicap—Armandave, nap; Phalaris next best.
Barrow Plate—Lonely Lass, nap; Horn Reef next best.

Thursday.

Brinkley Welter—Blue Danube, nap***; Baronvale next best.
Newmarket Plate—Beaufort, nap**; Cantata next best.
March Stakes—Aynsley, nap*; Quinney next best.
Ely Plate—Cesory, nap; Scarpe Flow next best.
Littleport Plate—On les Aura, nap; Foreground next best.
Long Course Plate—Crevasse, nap; Redcar Square next best.
Peel Handicap (Class 1)—Eri Kink, nap; Bay D'Or next best.
Peel Handicap (Class 2)—Publican, nap; Tonic Sol-Fa next best.

Friday.

One Thousand Guineas—Molly Desmond, nap***; Diadem next best.
Three-Year-Old Handicap—Smile, nap**; Orce next best.
Mildenhall Plate—The Viking, nap*; Mischief-Maker next best.
May Plate—Cracksman, nap; Struan next best.
Friday Welter (Class 1)—Roscius, nap; Modulesch next best.
Friday Welter (Class 2)—Glenalvon, nap; Walpole next best.

GREAT STORY BY HALL CAINE BEGINS IN THIS WEEK'S RED LETTER ON SALE WEDNESDAY PRICE 1D

THE SONGS OF THE HOUR

TAKE ME BACK TO DEAR OLD BLIGHTY

FULL WORDS AND CHORUS MUSIC

To be followed by the pick of the songs in the record-breaking London Revue: "The Bing Girls are There."

IN THE

WEEKLY WELCOME

OUT ON THURSDAY MAY 3RD

ORDER NOW 1D.

THE VITAL POWER

OF THE HUMAN BODY. IT CAN BE REGAINED.

The force that runs the human machine is stored in the nerves. This nervous energy, as it is called, is only another name for electricity. If any organ of your body is weak and inactive, it means that the nerves which control it lack power. This must be restored before the affected part can perform its proper functions. It does no good to take drugs for such a condition as this. You can only effect a cure by replacing the energy that has been lost. Drugs are poisons—electricity is life.

Saturate your nerves with a glowing current from the "Ajax" Body Battery for an hour each day. The weak organs will respond to its influence in the same way that an electric motor starts whirling as soon as the power is turned on.

The "Ajax" is a self-charged body battery which generates a steady, unbroken stream of galvanic electricity, and infuses it into the nerves in just the right volume. It builds up vitality and strength and cures all ailments resulting from a debilitated state of the nerves and vital organs.

Men who suffer from failing vitality, debility, or any of the usual weaknesses, will find that the "Ajax" Body Battery, together with electric suspensory attachment, will quickly put them in good condition.

It is a natural remedy, and those who have used it will tell you that it does all we claim for it.

THIS IS FREE

We'll send you our Free Book, closely sealed, which tells all about the battery, how it cures and what it does, together with full information concerning the treatment. This book is illustrated, and explains many things you should know about the cause and cure of disease. If you want to be the man Nature intended you to be, send for the book at once. We have a book for women also. AJAX Ld.

THE BRITISH ELECTRIC INSTITUTE

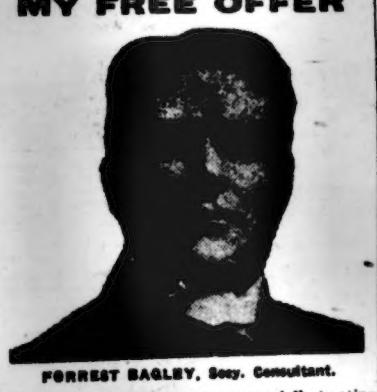
(Dept. 116), 25 Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

I guarantee to cure your

PILES

I will send you my complete 5/- Treatment and you need not send a penny. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose on

MY FREE OFFER



FORREST BAGLEY, Surg. Consultant.

For many years I have been successfully treating Patients suffering from Piles, Ulcer, Fissure, Itching Piles, Prolapse, Tumours, Constipation, and all Rectal Trouble. A neglected case of Piles will not only not cure itself, but is very dangerous, as it may lead to the deadly Cancer. My Threefold Absorption Treatment is constitutional as well as local, and causes the swollen Piles to shrink up and disappear. To every sufferer writing at once I will send my Regular 5s Treatment Free to try. All I ask is that if you receive benefit you will send me 5s; if you feel that you have not received benefit, then do not send me a penny. All correspondence is strictly confidential, and the regular 5s Treatment will be sent to you in plain cover, securely sealed, and can be used in the privacy of your own home. Owing to the increased postage rates I should appreciate the enclosure of 3d in stamps from bona-fide inquirers. Write at once to Forrest Bagley, Secretary to Dr G. W. Van Vleck, KH29 Enclare House, Wine Office Court, London, E.C.4.

REPORTED KILLED, BUT ONLY WOUNDED.

Airdrie, Saturday.

Mr and Mrs Edward Wallace, 28 Milton Street, Airdrie, were officially advised on Thursday that their son, Sergeant W. Wallace, Scottish Rifles, had been killed in action on the 14th inst. This, however, has turned out to be a mistake, as a letter has just been received from the sergeant himself, written on 20th inst., stating that he is lying wounded in an hospital in Cambridge. Sergeant Wallace was formerly employed in the Union Tubeworks, Coatbridge.

STOCK EXCHANGE NOTES.

POSITION OF THE NEW WAR LOAN.

(Specially Contributed to "The Post Sunday Special.")

London, Saturday Night.

As anticipated, after the sharp advances which have recently occurred in all directions, the Stock markets have been taking a breather during the past week, the ostensible reason being the forthcoming Budget statement.

The balance of opinion is against any increase in the Income Tax; but it is pretty certain that the scope of the Excess Profits Duty will be extended, and the amount probably increased. These prospects have had a depressing effect, of course, upon the groups of War Companies, which would be chiefly affected.

The prominence given to the submarine menace has, also, accentuated the temporary hesitation on the part of the public. On the other hand, the brilliant war news, and the active part which America is now taking in the conflict, especially from the point of view of affording tangible financial assistance to the Allies, are factors that ultimately must make for a fresh revulsion of feeling as regards Stock market prospects.

POSITION OF THE NEW WAR LOAN.

The proximity of the Budget statement has prevented War Loan, and, in fact, all gilt-edged securities, from benefiting either from the new financial arrangements in the United States, or from the excellent war position. It is, of course, the position of the new War Loan which claims chief attention at the present juncture.

Following the deduction of the dividend last Thursday, the quotation of the Five Per Cent. fully-paid scrip has been down to 93⅞ xd; and is now around 94 xd, which compares with the issue price of 95. Under these circumstances, and in view of the conditions of the issue of the Loan, a steady improvement to at least par is bound to take place in the ordinary course of events.

Just at present the market is held back by fears of Income Tax. Any increase in the latter would, however, be a short-sighted policy, in view of the fact that it would be bound to considerably depreciate all Investment Securities, and notably the War Loan, so that even if the Sinking Fund were to be utilised to its fullest capacity to support the market, there could be no lasting rise in the quotation, and it is precisely the value of the War Loan security which nowadays sets the standard of British national credit.

RUBBERS AWAITING A FRESH LEAD.

It is probably not so much the reaction in the price of Rubber itself, as a desire to await the Budget proposals as regards the Excess Profits duty in relation to rubber companies, which has induced the share market to call a halt.

When it is remembered that most of the older concerns practically escape from the tax, as it is at present applied, while other companies are badly hit, it is obvious that there must be something wrong in the present incidence of the tax.

Take, for example, the Rubber Estates of Johore. This company distributed £19,375 amongst its shareholders in dividend for the past year, while the Government took £30,825.

Once this question is settled there should be every reason to expect the Rubber share market to go ahead again.

OILS, SIMMER DOWN.

There has been a certain switching-off of interest in the Oil share market, viz., from the leaders to the low-priced descriptions.

The favourite shares, such as Mexican Eagles and Lobitos, have shown a good deal of backbone, and there has been steady buying of Kern Rivers on reaction.

As regards the cheap fry, purchases of Bakus, Russian Petroleum, Premier Oil, and Pipeline, &c., must be regarded entirely as locks-up. Their chance can only come when the war is actually over.

KAFFIR VERY IRREGULAR.

Although Kaffir shares are quieter, there have been several important movements, one of which is a further rise in Modder Leases of about 2s, while the Modder Group is also very strong, especially Modderfontein and Modder Deep. The last-named have risen to 7½ in anticipation of a much larger dividend for June.

SHARP RISE IN TRANSVAAL AND RHODESIAN.

While Chartered shares have reacted, a very strong upward movement has developed in Transvaal and Rhodesian shares, which have risen to 2s. a rise of about 9d, on the report of a favourable land deal being negotiated. On the other hand, Tanganyika and Zambesi have reacted.

SILVER FIRM—BARRIERS HOPEFUL.

Silver has recovered the recent reaction, and although Silver Mines, notably Burma Corporation, are easier, there is a very hopeful prospect for Barriers, which have so far not sufficiently improved as the rise in silver would have justified.

Amongst Barrier shares, North Broken Hill are evidently one of the best purchases at anything below 50s, and the Broken Hill South is one of the next. Russian Mines are neglected just now.

SHARP RISE IN TIN.

A very sharp rise has taken place in Tin, which is now quoted £230 as against £219 a week ago, and there are reliable authorities who are predicting a still higher price.

This is, of course, important for the leading Nigerian Mining shares, but also for Cornish shares, notably East Pool and Agar, now up at 40s, and more especially South Crofty, which have advanced to 20s.

This Wonderful Magneto Belt has made Thousands of Sufferers Strong, Healthy, and Vigorous.

CALL AND SEE ME

I Will Send YOU one for

1/-

(See Coupon Below.)

From the moment when you put it on its Magnetic Power braces you up, and your body absorbs naturally and freely the magnetism which it contains. Think of the joy of being free from pain, of being strong and vigorous, of being brimful of life, courage, and vitality, and then read the simple, straightforward, and honest offer I make to you in the Coupon below.

"The weak can now be made strong. The anguish of Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, can be speedily and permanently banished. Weak Nerves can be built up and made strong. Mind-Wandering can be cured, so can Involuntary Blushing. Lost Will Power can be regained and the whole human body can be rebuilt and revitalised by means of my marvellous Magneto Belt."

TEST IT AT MY EXPENSE.

I want you to test the belt first by actually wearing it, and so I say to you send me 1s only and I will send you the belt.

"NEW LIFE." **COUPON.** POST TO-DAY.

To Mr AMBROSE WILSON,
18 Aiken House, 70, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London.

Simply write your FULL name and address on a piece of paper, fill in your waist measurements, pin coupon to paper, and post it to me at once.

Please send me a "Magneto Belt" on approval. I enclose 1/-, and if I do not return Belt within days I will pay you the balance of 4/-, either in one sum or by weekly instalments of 1/-.

IMPORTANT.—Cross the P.O. thus / /, and make it payable to Ambrose Wilson, Ltd., at G.P.O., London.

Size of my waist is ..... inches.

Foreign and Colonial Orders must be accompanied by the full amount and 1/- extra to pay postage.

IMPROVED PERFECT LEATHER STITCHER

Perfect Automatic Lockstitch Awl for quickly and strongly sewing all Leather, Canvas—Harness, Boots, Belts, Bags, Tents, &c.—perfect Lockstitch as sewing machine but stronger. Save money, do your own repairs. Simple to use. Necessity in every home and workshop. Complete with straight and curved blades and thread, 3/- (postage 3d). Extra waxed thread, 7½d per skein. Send at once. Instructions with Stitcher. AUTO AWL WORKS, 142-144 COTTENHAM ROAD, LONDON, N.18.

for only 3/-

WHEN RUN DOWN

or weakened by illness, ANDERSON'S QUININE & IRON TONIC comes as a welcome reinforcement to aid you in renewing the battle of Life. It does it successfully. Sold in bottles at 1s 3d and 2s 3d each at

JAS. ANDERSON'S DUNDEE DRUG STORES

78-74 COMMERCIAL ST., DUNDEE.

The Depot in Dundee for all Medicines, &c., of Best Quality at Minimum Prices.

Middlesex allotment holders are still short of a hundred tons of seed potatoes promised by the Board of Agriculture.

Kent War Agricultural Committee announces that leading banks will grant credit to farmers to enable them to buy seeds.

SHOPPING BY POST.

Closely set advertisements are inserted under this heading at the prepaid rate of 2d per word.

COCHRANE'S HELP YOU to start a business of your own. Make money selling genuine bargains. Drapery remnants, ready-mades, handkerchiefs. Write for catalogue. Cochrane's Warehouse, 24 Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

WALLPAPERS direct from the manufacturers. Newest designs. Lowest prices. Large or small quantities. Samples free. Morris's, Vicar Lane, Leeds. 9893

SPORTSMEN, farmers, horsemen, try our splendid Yorkshire whipcord tweed; wears like leather; showerproof; 7 yards for 17s 6d. Patterns free. Bradford Woollen Co. (68), Bradford.

2/- Monthly.—Costumes, suits, raincoats, children's clothing, footwear, household linen, drapery, jewellery, &c. On easy terms. Catalogues free. Castle Supply Co., Norwich. 7005

THE Sunday Album of Sacred Songs, classical and popular; arranged with piano accompaniment. Voice part in staff and tonic sol-fa. Post free, 1s 4d. W. L. Hampton, musicseller, Perth, N.B.

"THE PROVIDENTIAL DISCOVERY THAT HAS NEVER FAILED."

Through incessant recommendations of those cured, the demand is so overwhelming that every Chemist is rapidly exhausted. You can send Postal Order for 3s or 5s to 635 Camberwell Grove, London, S.E.5, and bottle will be sent by return of post.

LUNG TROUBLE & CONSUMPTION,

BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CATARRH, Whooping Cough, Children's Cough.

"THE DISEASES THAT BAFFLE THE DOCTORS."

The Marvellous Specific "Liq-u-fruta" that never fails—

—CHRONIC ASTHMA OF EVEN 20 YEARS' STANDING
—TERRIBLE RACKING BRONCHITIS
—LUNG TROUBLE WHEN SANATORIA AND MEDICAL TREATMENT HAD FAILED
—BLOOD SPITTING
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—BRONCHIAL CATARRH
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—NASAL CATARRH
—LARYNGITIS
—RACKING COUGH
—NIGHT SWEATS
—CHOKING PHLEGM
—INFLUENZA
—EMPHYSEMA

As supplied to the Household of H. M. the King at Windsor Castle.

OVER 1,000,000 PRAISE "LIQ-U-FRUTA."

It will remove any case of Asthma or Bronchitis. It will strengthen your lungs and enable you to breathe more freely and efficiently. It will banish every germ of weakness or disease from your throat, nose, and respiratory organs. It arrests even the deadly ravages of tuberculosis, and has banished every trace of Consumption from the lungs of thousands. Instant relief is experienced.

"IT SAVED MY ONLY SON'S LIFE."

My only son lay at the point of death, suffering from several of the above diseases—the most skilled physicians had done their utmost, but unavailingly, for at last my doctor told me nothing more could be done, and that I must be prepared for the end.

Then it was that I discovered "LIQ-U-FRUTA," and cured my only son. "LIQ-U-FRUTA" miraculously saved his life, and since that date the lives of thousands of others.

(Signed) W. HOME-NEWCOMBE.

"Liq-u-fruta" never upsets the Stomach, being purely herbal, it is quite harmless to the infant a day old, or to the elderly with weak hearts.

Mr. Rale, of Derby on March 26th writes:—"Your 'Liquifruta' is just splendid. I have had influenza and bronchitis, and great difficulty in breathing—that is asthma—and the doctor's medicine was of no benefit, but the first dose of 'Liquifruta' gave me great relief, and although I only commenced it on Thursday night, I am very much better, and can sleep well. I may also say it has acted in an exactly similar manner in a case of consumption and bad cough that I know of. I have recommended 'Liquifruta' to everyone suffering from cough, &c."

Just what happened to this gentleman, who suffered from Influenza, Bronchitis, and Asthma, can happen to you—will happen to you—for there never has been a failure yet.

A COUGH AND "LIQ-U-FRUTA" CANNOT EXIST TOGETHER.

"Liq-u-fruta" is gladly supplied by all the 580 branches of Boots' Cash Chemists, Glasgow Apothecaries, Cockburn & Co. and all Chemists and Stores. 1/3, 3/-, & 5/- or direct and Post Free from Mr. W. Home-Newcombe, 635 Camberwell Grove, London, S.E.5, for remittance in stamps or postal orders. For 2d. in stamps my book, "Worth its Weight in Gold," published at 1/-, will be sent Post Free.

Liquifruta

CURES EVERYTHING WITH A COUGH IN IT.

EE If your child is fretful, try a EE

STEEDMAN'S POWDER

It will relieve him

These Powders do not contain poison, nor are they a narcotic, but they act gently on the bowels and relieve feverish heat, thus preventing fits, convulsions, etc

UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIALS ARE CONSTANTLY RECEIVED

EE EE

Potato growing is as much the rage as athletics were. A Lewisham Councillor offers a gold medal for the best six potatoes produced by new plot-holders.

No Sunday school treats are being held at Ramsgate this year.

Eleven thousand cases have been dealt with by the St Pancras Tribunal.

FROM ARRAS TO DOUAI.

The distance by railway from Arras to Douai is 16 miles. The line descends a little from Arras to the valley of the Scarpe, and the towers of Douai seem into sight after a twenty minutes' journey. Douai is situated on the canalised channel of the Scarpe. An industrial centre of some importance, Douai (the population is 30,000) is a town of great antiquity, having probably grown up originally round a Gallo-Roman fort. In the wars against the Flemish, Germans, and Spaniards the town has often suffered siege and capture. The most notable edifice is the Hotel De Ville, a fine monument of Gothic architecture. Above it rises a five-storeyed belfry, 130 feet high, the upper part of which is crenelated and flanked with turrets, and surmounted by a spire with a lion bearing the banner of Flanders.

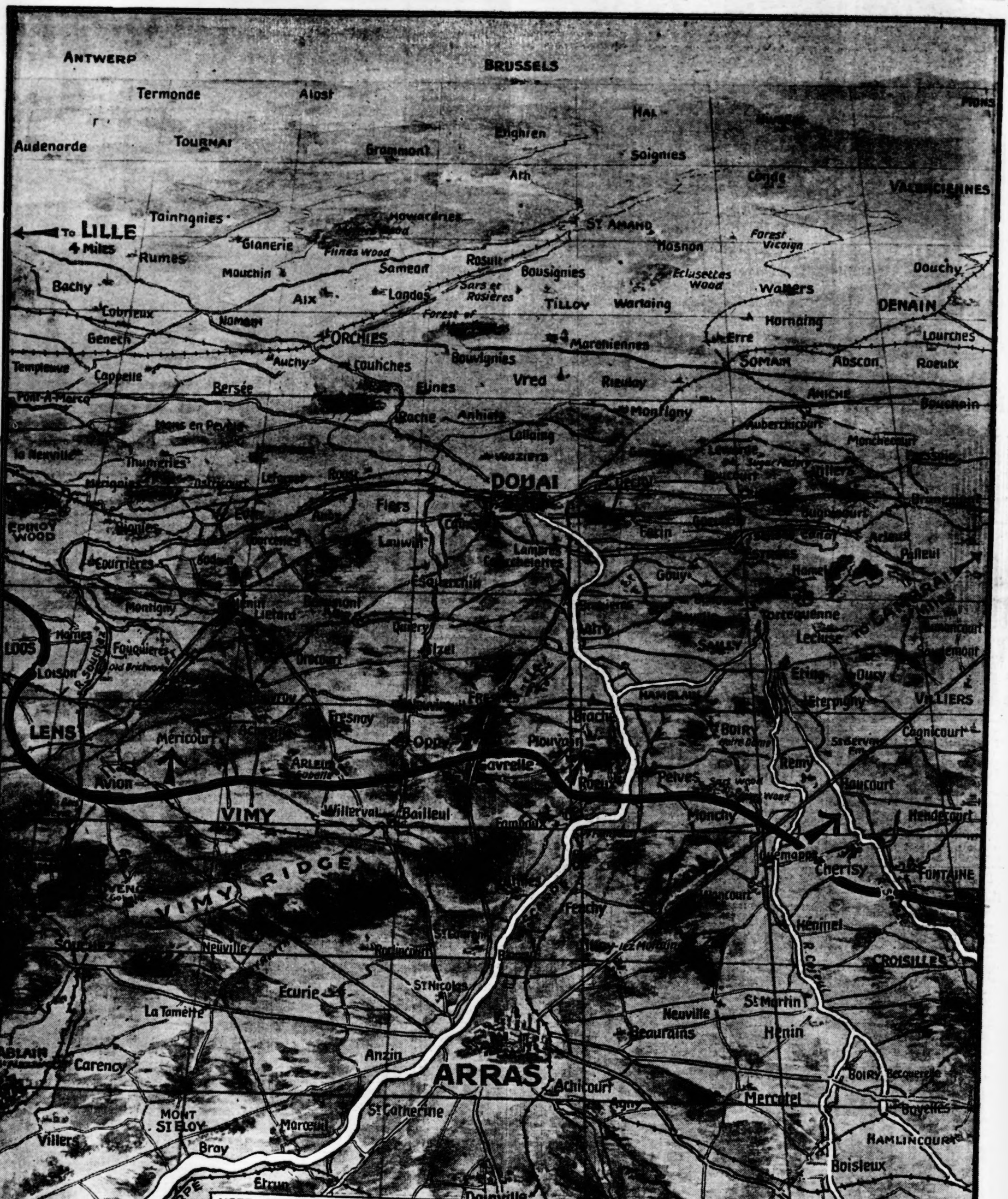
The Post Sunday Special

SUNDAY, APRIL 29, 1917.

FROM DOUAI TO LILLE.

It is only twenty miles from Douai to Lille, and express trains do the journey in half an hour. The railway runs through important coalfields and joins up with lines from other places. Lille is a manufacturing town with over 200,000 inhabitants, and was formerly the capital of French Flanders. It is situated in a well fortified and fertile plain on the Deule, a navigable river, with which numerous canals are connected. After the extension of the fortifications in 1858 many handsome streets and squares sprang up, particularly on the south side of the town. Lille's staple commodities are linen and woollen goods, cotton cloth, "Lisle" thread, machinery, oil, sugar, and chemicals. Lille sustained a severe bombardment from the Austrians at the outbreak of the Revolutionary wars in 1792, but it withstood the attack.

THE GREAT BATTLE OF THE SCARPE.



NOTE. This pictorial MAP is drawn to SCALE in 3 MILE SQUARES Shown as if seen in PERSPECTIVE.

This specially prepared bird's-eye map, looking from Arras across to Douai, shows the area in the valley of the River Scarpe, where the British are making their latest advance. The line and arrows indicate the actual battle front. The places at which the fighting has progressed, and is still proceeding, are clearly marked. Scottish troops have been distinguishing themselves once more, for they have helped a great deal in the process of "wiping out Huns," which has meant that Hindenburg has been compelled to throw into the conflict his reserves, previously boasted as the most ready for other zones. The fact that during the week there were amongst the prisoners taken by the British men who were in Berlin and Ypres three days before their capture goes to show that Hindenburg is having to shuffle his men in a way which can hardly be "in accordance with plans."

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